





ALBERT R. MANN  
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RED MAY

THE  
LANGUAGE AND POETRY  
OF  
FLOWERS.

"In eastern lands they talk in flowers,  
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;  
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,  
On its leaves a mystic language bears."

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VAULT  
UNDER

ON  
END

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L200

## P R E F A C E.

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THE language of flowers is said to have originally come from the East, and to have been of very ancient origin. That it may have come originally from the East is possible, as in Persia, Arabia, and Egypt, it is used as a means of communication at the present day—but I am certain that we are more indebted to the Occidentals than the Orientals for the contents of the present volume.

In America the language of flowers seems to have more disciples and patrons than in any other part of the world—at least if we are to judge from the number and splendour of the works which have appeared on the subject during the last ten years in Philadelphia, Boston, and New York. Yet America receives no credit for its exertions; whilst the lazy Turk, who knows nothing about either flowers or their language, is erroneously supposed to be better

skilled in their mysteries than the inhabitants of any other nation.

In the present volume much will be found that has already been before the British public, but much will also be found that never has appeared in any publication in this country—and if it amuses the disciples of “Flora’s language” in the studying of it, as it has amused the compiler in gathering the materials together, the labour bestowed upon it will not have been lost; for the arrangement of its contents served to charm away many a lonely night, when, seated in the “Garden of Europe,” the howling of the dogs and jackalls too forcibly told him that what nature had made a garden, man had turned into a wilderness.

## NOTE.

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WHEN the vulgar name of a flower is given along with the botanical one, the former is placed between parentheses, and always follows the botanical name.

### EXAMPLE :

Anemone, (Zephyr's flower.)

When the European and American sentiments attached to a flower disagree, the American sentiment is printed in italics, and follows the European one.

### EXAMPLE :

Anemone, (Zephyr's flower.) Sickness, *Expectation*.



## R U L E S

NECESSARY TO BE OBSERVED IN ORDER FULLY TO UNDER-  
STAND THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS, ETC.

I. Simple significations take precedence of sentences, unless the flower is held, presented, or sent in a peculiar mode.

II. Flowers presented inclining to the right, express an affirmative—to the left, a negative; viz.:—Lavender and Ivy presented inclining to the right, would signify, “I distrust your friendship”—but inclining to the left, “I distrust not your friendship;” while Juniper and Mint to the right signify, “I will succour your virtue”—to the left, “I will not succour your virtue.”

III. Flowers placed upon the head signify anxiety regarding the subject of which it may be the emblem—on the lips *secrecy*, on the heart *love*, on the breast *weariness*.

IV. Flowers thrown on the ground signify carelessness or indifference to the sentiment.

V. Flowers worn in the band of a lady's dress, or in the button hole of a gentleman's, are to be considered in compliment to the gentleman or lady whose attention these flowers have been placed there to attract.

# CONTENTS.

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## PART I.

|   | PAGE |
|---|------|
| General Alphabet of Flowers, &c., with their reputed sentiments and phrases . . . . | 11   |

## PART II.

|   |    |
|---|----|
| Alphabet of simple sentiments, with their corresponding Flowers, &c. . . . .                                      | 40 |
| Alphabets of words and phrases, having the <i>article</i> prefixed, with their corresponding Flowers, &c. . . . . | 60 |
| Combined and compound sentiments, with their corresponding Flowers, &c. . . . .                                   | 61 |
| Phrases, with pronouns prefixed, with their corresponding Flowers, &c. . . . .                                    | 62 |
| Commands, requests, questions, &c., with their corresponding Flowers, &c. . . . .                                 | 64 |



THE  
LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS,  
ETC.

---

PART I.

FLOWERS, &c.—SENTIMENTS, &c.

A

| <i>Flowers.</i>                   | <i>Sentiments.</i>           |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Abecedary                         | Volubility.                  |
| Aeaeia, Rose                      | Platonic affection.          |
| Aeaeia, White or Pink             | Elegance.                    |
| Aeaeia, Yellow                    | Secret love.                 |
| Aeanthus                          | Artifice.                    |
| Adonis                            | Sorrowful remembrances.      |
| Almond Tree                       | Heedlessness.                |
| Aloe                              | Affliction, Grief.           |
| Althæa Frutex, (Syrian<br>mallow) | Persuasion.                  |
| Amaranth, (Coekscomb)             | <i>Foppery, Affectation.</i> |
| Amaranth, Globe                   | Unchangeable.                |
| Amaryllis                         | Pride.                       |

| <i>Flowers.</i>           | <i>Sentiments.</i>     |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| Ambrosia                  | Love returned.         |
| Anemone (Zephyr's flower) | Sickness.              |
| Angelica                  | Inspiration.           |
| Angee                     | Royalty.               |
| Apocynum                  | Deceit.                |
| Apple                     | Temptation.            |
| Arbor Vitæ                | Unchanging friendship. |
| Arum, (Wake Robin)        | Ardour.                |
| Ash Tree                  | Grandeur.              |
| Ash Tree, Mountain        | Prudence.              |
| Aspen Tree                | Lamentation.           |
| Auricula                  | Painting.              |
| Auricula, Scarlet         | Avarice.               |
| Austurtium                | Splendour.             |
| Azulea                    | Temperance.            |

## B

|                       |                        |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| Bachelors' Buttons    | Single blessedness.    |
| Balm                  | Sympathy.              |
| Balm of Gilcad        | Cure, Relief.          |
| Balsam, Red or Yellow | Impatient.             |
| Barberry              | Sourness.              |
| Basil, Sweet          | Hatred.                |
| Bay Leaf              | I change but in dying. |

| <i>Flowers.</i>              | <i>Sentiments.</i>     |
|------------------------------|------------------------|
| Bay Tree                     | Glory.                 |
| Bay Wreath                   | Reward of merit.       |
| Bearded Crepis               | Protection.            |
| Beech Tree                   | Grandeur.              |
| Bee Orchis                   | Industry.              |
| Belladonna                   | Silence.               |
| Belvidere, (Wild liquorice)  | I declare against you. |
| Betony                       | Surprise.              |
| Bindweed                     | Humility.              |
| Birch                        | Gracefulness.          |
| Birdsfoot, Trefoil           | Revenge.               |
| Bitter Sweet Night Shade     | Truth.                 |
| Blackthorn                   | Difficulty.            |
| Bladder Nut Tree             | Frivolous amusements.  |
| Elaeberry                    | Simplicity.            |
| Blue Bell                    | Constancy.             |
| Blue Bottle, (Centuary)      | Delicacy.              |
| Blue Flowered Greek Valerian | Rupture.               |
| Borage                       | Bluntness.             |
| Box                          | Stoicism.              |
| Bramble                      | Envy, Remorse.         |
| Broom                        | Neatness.              |
| Bryony                       | Prosperity.            |
| Buckbean                     | Calm, Repose.          |

| <i>Flowers.</i>   | <i>Sentiments.</i>    |
|-------------------|-----------------------|
| Bugloss           | Falsehood.            |
| Bulrush           | Doeility.             |
| Bur               | Importunity.          |
| Butter Cup        | Childishness, Riches. |
| Butterfly, Orchis | Gaiety.               |

## C

|                                    |  |
|------------------------------------|--|
| Cabbage                            | Gain, Profit.                            |
| Caetus                             | Warmth.                                  |
| Calla <i>Æthiopica</i>             | Feminine modesty.                        |
| Calyceanthus                       | Compassion, <i>Benevolence</i> .         |
| Camellia Japonica, (Japan<br>Rose) | Unpretended excellence,<br><i>Pity</i> . |
| Canary Grass                       | Perseverance.                            |
| Candy Tuft                         | Architecture.                            |
| Canterbury Bell                    | Acknowledgment, <i>Grati-<br/>tude</i> . |
| Cardamine                          | Paternal error.                          |
| Cardinal's Flower                  | Distinction.                             |
| Carnation                          | Woman's love.                            |
| Carnation, Striped                 | Refusal.                                 |
| Carnation, Yellow                  | Disdain.                                 |
| Catalpa Tree                       | Beware of the coquette.                  |
| Catchfly, Red                      | Youthful love.                           |

| <i>Flowers.</i>        | <i>Sentiments.</i>            |
|------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Catchfly, White        | Betrayed.                     |
| Catesby's Star Wort    | After-thought.                |
| Cedar Tree             | Strength.                     |
| Cedar of Lebanon       | Incorruptible.                |
| Cedar Leaf             | I live for thee.              |
| Celandine              | Joys to come.                 |
| Centaury               | Felicity.                     |
| Chamomile              | Energy in adversity.          |
| Chequered Frutillary   | Persecution.                  |
| Cherry Tree            | Education.                    |
| Cherry, White          | Deception.                    |
| Chesnut Tree           | Do me justice.                |
| Chesnut                | Luxury.                       |
| Chickweed              | Rendezvous.                   |
| China Aster            | Variety.                      |
| China Aster, Double    | I partake your sentiments.    |
| China Aster, Single    | I will think of it.           |
| China (or Indian) Pink | Aversion.                     |
| Chrysanthemum, Chinese | Cheerfulness under adversity. |
| Chrysanthemum, Red     | I love.                       |
| Chrysanthemum, White   | Truth.                        |
| Chrysanthemum, Yellow  | Slighted love.                |
| Cinquefoil             | Beloved daughter.             |
| Cistus, or Red Rose    | Popular favour.               |

| <i>Flowers.</i>                 | <i>Sentiments.</i>                             |
|---------------------------------|--|
| Clematis                        | Mental beauty.                                 |
| Clematis, Evergreen             | Poverty.                                       |
| Clover, Red                     | Industry.                                      |
| Cloves                          | Dignity  |
| Cobæa                           | Gossip.  |
| Cockscomb. (Amaranth)           | Affection, Singularity.                        |
| Colehicum, or Meadow<br>Saffron | My best days are past.                         |
| Columbine                       | Folly.   |
| Columbine, Purple               | Resolute.                                      |
| Columbine, Red                  | Anxious and trembling.                         |
| Convolvulus                     | Bonds, <i>Uncertainty</i> .                    |
| Convolvulus, Major              | Extinguished hope.                             |
| Convolvulus, Minor              | Night.   |
| Coriander                       | Concealed merit.                               |
| Coriopsis                       | Always cheerful.                               |
| Coriopsis, Arkansa              | Love at first sight.                           |
| Cornel Tree                     | Duration.                                      |
| Coronella                       | Success crown your wishes.                     |
| Corechorus                      | Impatience of absence.                         |
| Cowslip                         | Pensiveness, <i>Attractive</i><br><i>grace</i> |
| Cranberry                       | Cure for heart ache                            |
| Crane's Bill                    | Envy.  |
| Cresses                         | Stability.                                     |

*Flowers.**Sentiments.*

|  |                               |
|--|-------------------------------|
| Creeping Cercus                                      | Horror.                       |
| Crocus   | Abuse not.                    |
| Crocus, Spring                                       | Smiles, <i>Cheerfulness</i> . |
| Crow Foot.   | Ingratitude.                  |
| Crow Foot, Aconite leafed,<br>(Fair Maid of France.) | Lustre.                       |
| Crown Imperial                                       | Majesty, Power.               |
| Cucumber, Squirting                                  | Criticism.                    |
| Cudweed, (Everlasting)                               | Never ceasing remembrance.    |
| Currants, Bunch of                                   | You please all.               |
| Cyclamen   | Diffidence.                   |
| Cypress  | Death, Despair, Mourning.     |

## D

|                        |                          |
|------------------------|--------------------------|
| Daffodil               | Regard.                  |
| Daffodil, Great Yellow | Chivalry.                |
| Dahlia                 | Instability.             |
| Daisy                  | Beauty, Innocence.       |
| Daisy, Double          | Participation.           |
| Daisy, Michaelmas      | Cheerfulness in old age. |
| Daisy, Ox Eye          | A Token.                 |
| Daisy, Red             | Beauty.                  |
| Daisy, White           | Innocence.               |

| <i>Flowers.</i>                | <i>Sentiments.</i>                    |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Dandelion                      | Oracle, <i>Coquetry</i> .             |
| Darnel, (Ray Grass)            | Vice.                                 |
| Day Lily                       | Coquetry.                             |
| Dew Plant                      | Serenade.                             |
| Diosma                         | Inutility.                            |
| Dittany                        | Birth.                                |
| Dock                           | Patience.                             |
| Dodder of Thyme                | Business.                             |
| Dog's Bane                     | Deceit.                               |
| Dogwood, (Cornel Tree)         | Durability.                           |
| Dogwood Blossom                | I am perfectly indifferent<br>to you. |
| Dragon Plants                  | Snare.                                |
| Dragon Wort, (Snakes-<br>foot) | Horror.                               |

## E

|                          |              |
|--------------------------|--------------|
| Ebony                    | Darkness.    |
| Eglantine, (Sweet Briar) | Poetry.      |
| Elder                    | Zealousness. |
| Elm                      | Stateliness. |
| Enchanter's Night Shade  | Poetry.      |
| Endive                   | Frugality.   |
| Eupatorium               | Delay.       |

*Flowers.**Sentiments.*

Everlasting Flower, (Cud Never ceasing remem-  
Weed) brance.

Everlasting Pea Lasting Pleasure.

Everlasting Thorn Solace in adversity.

## F

Fair Maid of France Lustre.

Fennel Force.

Fern Sincerity,

Fern, Flowering Fascination.

Fever Root Delay.

Fig Argument.

Fig, Marygold Idleness.

Fig Tree Prolific.

Filbert Reconciliation.

Fir Tree Elevation.

Fir of Gilcad Juice.

Flax Domestic Industry.

Flax Leaved Golden Locks Tardiness.

Flower of an hour Delicate Beauty.

Flowering Reed Confidence in Heaven.

Fly Orchis Error.

Forget me not Forget me not, True Love.

Foxglove Insincerity, *A wish.*

| <i>Flowers.</i>                | <i>Sentiments.</i>   |
|--------------------------------|----------------------|
| Frankincense                   | A faithful heart.    |
| Frog Optorys                   | Disgust.             |
| Funitory                       | Spleen.              |
| Fuchsia (Love lies a bleeding) | Taste, <i>Love</i> . |
| Fuller's Teasel                | Importunity.         |

## G

|                         |   |
|-------------------------|---|
| Genesta                 | Tidiness  |
| Gentian                 | Virgin Pride.                                   |
| Geranium, Apple         | Present Preference.                             |
| Geranium, Crane's Bill  | Envy.   |
| Geranium, Dark          | Melancholy.                                     |
| Geranium, Fish          | Disappointed expectation.                       |
| Geranium, Ivy           | I engage you for the next<br>dinee.             |
| Geranium, Nutmeg        | An expected meeting.                            |
| Geranium, Oak           | Lady, deign to smile.                           |
| Geranium, Rose or Pink  | Preference.                                     |
| Geranium, Searlet       | Comforting.                                     |
| Geranium, Silver leaved | Recal.  |
| Germander, Speedwell    | Facility.                                       |
| Gilly Flower            | Beauty unfading, <i>Bonds of<br/>Affection.</i> |
| Goat's Rue              | Reason.   |

| <i>Flowers.</i>             | <i>Sentiments.</i>                |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Golden Rod                  | Precaution.                       |
| Good Henry (Bonus Henricus) | Goodness.                         |
| Gooseberry                  | Anticipation.                     |
| Gourd.                      | Extent, Bulk.                     |
| Grape                       | Rural Happiness, <i>Charity</i> . |
| Grass                       | Utility, <i>Submission</i> .      |
| Glory Flower                | Glorious Beauty.                  |
| Great Bindweed              | Dangerous Insinuation.            |

## H

|                                 |                          |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Hare Bell                       | Submission.              |
| Hawkweed                        | Quicksightedness.        |
| Hawthorn                        | Hope.                    |
| Heart's Ease, Purple            | You occupy my thoughts.  |
| Heart's Ease, Wild              | Live in Idleness.        |
| Heart's Ease, Yellow and Purple | Forget me not.           |
| Heath                           | Solitude                 |
| Helenium                        | Tears.                   |
| Heliotrope                      | Devoted to you.          |
| Hellebore                       | Calumny                  |
| Helmet Flower, (Monkswood)      | Knight errantry.         |
| Hemlock                         | You will cause my death. |

| <i>Flowers.</i>       | <i>Sentiments.</i>                |
|-----------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Hemp                  | Fate.                             |
| Henbane               | Imperfection.                     |
| Hepatica, (Linn Wort) | Confidence.                       |
| Hibiscus              | Delicate beauty.                  |
| Hazel                 | Reconciliation.                   |
| Hoarhound             | Frozen kindness.                  |
| Holly                 | Foresight, <i>Am I forgotten?</i> |
| Holly Herb            | Enchantment.                      |
| Hollyhock             | Fecundity, <i>Ambition.</i>       |
| Hollyhock, White      | Female ambition.                  |
| Honesty               | Sincerity.                        |
| Honey Flower          | Love sweet and secret.            |
| Honeysuckle, French   | Rustic beauty.                    |
| Honeysuckle, Coral    | The colour of my fate.            |
| Honeysuckle, Monthly  | Bond of love, domestic happiness. |
| Honeysuckle, Wild     | Inconstancy in Love.              |
| Hop                   | Injustice.                        |
| Horehound             | Fire.                             |
| Hornbeam Tree         | Ornament.                         |
| Horse Chesnut         | Luxuriancy.                       |
| Houscleek             | Vivacity, domestic luxury.        |
| Houstonia             | Content.                          |
| Hoya                  | Sculpture.                        |
| Humble Plant          | Despondency.                      |

*Flowers.*  
 Hyacinth  
 Hydragea  
 Hyslop

*Sentiments.*  
 Sport, Play.  
 A Boaster.  
 Cleanly.

## I

Ice-land Moss  
 Ice-plant  
 Imperial Montague  
 Indian Cress  
 Indian Plum  
 Ipomæa  
 Iris

Health.  
 Winter, *Rejected ad-  
 dresses.*  
 Power.  
 Resignation.  
 Privation.  
 Attachment.  
 My compliments, *I have a  
 message for you.*  
 Flame, Passion.  
 Friendship, Fidelity.

Iris, Yellow  
 Ivy

## J

Jasmine, Cape  
 Jasmine, Spanish  
 Jasmine, White  
 Jasmine, Yellow  
 Jonquil

Transport of joy.  
 Sensuality.  
 Amiability.  
 Grace and elegance.  
 I desire a return of affection.

| <i>Flowers.</i> | <i>Sentiments.</i> |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| Juniper         | Asylum.            |
| Justicia        | Female loveliness. |

## K

|            |                     |
|------------|---------------------|
| Kennedia   | Mental excellence.  |
| King's Cup | I wish I were rich. |

## L

|                      |                                       |
|----------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Laburnum             | Forsaken, <i>Pensive beauty.</i>      |
| Lady's-slipper       | Fickleness, <i>Capricious beauty.</i> |
| Lagerstræmia, Indian | Eloquence.                            |
| Lantana              | Rigour.                               |
| Larch                | Audacity.                             |
| Larkspur             | Lightness, Levity.                    |
| Larkspur, Double     | Haughtiness.                          |
| Larkspur, Pink       | Fickleness.                           |
| Laurel, Common       | Perfidy, Treachery.                   |
| Laurel, Mountain     | Ambition, Glory.                      |
| Laurustinus          | A token, I die if neglected.          |
| Lavender             | Distrust, Assiduity.                  |
| Lemon                | Zest.                                 |
| Lemon Blossom        | Fidelity in love, <i>Discretion.</i>  |

*Flowers.**Sentiments.*

|                      |                             |
|----------------------|-----------------------------|
| Lettuce              | Cold hearted.               |
| Lichen               | Dejection, Solitude.        |
| Lilac, Field         | Humility.                   |
| Lilac, Imperial      | Majesty.                    |
| Lilac, Purple        | The first emotions of love. |
| Lilac, White         | Purity, Modesty, Youth.     |
| Lily, Day            | Coquetry.                   |
| Lily, White          | Purity and sweetness.       |
| Lily, Yellow         | Falschood.                  |
| Lily of the Valley   | Return of happiness.        |
| Lime, or Linden Tree | Conjugal Fidelity.          |
| Lint                 | I feel all my obligations.  |
| Liquorice, Wild      | I declare against you.      |
| Lion Wort            | Confidence.                 |
| Lobelia              | Arrogance.                  |
| Locust Tree          | Elegance.                   |
| Locust Tree, Green   | Affection beyond the grave. |
| London Pride         | Frivolity.                  |
| Lote Tree            | Concord.                    |
| Lotus                | Eloquence.                  |
| Lotus Flower         | Estranged love, Silence.    |
| Lotus-leaf           | Recantation.                |
| Love in a mist       | Perplexity.                 |
| Love in a puzzle     | Embarrassment.              |
| Love lies a bleeding | Hopeless not heartless.     |

| <i>Flowers.</i> | <i>Sentiments.</i>    |
|-----------------|-----------------------|
| Lucern          | Life.                 |
| Lupine          | Voraciousness.        |
| Lychnis         | Religious Enthusiasm. |
| Lythrum         | Pretension.           |

## M

|                         |                                 |
|-------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Madder                  | Calumny.                        |
| Maid Wort               | Tranquillity.                   |
| Magniola                | Love of Nature.                 |
| Magniola, Swamp         | Perseverance.                   |
| Magniola, Laurel leaved | Dignity.                        |
| Maiden Hair             | Discretion.                     |
| Maize                   | Plenty.                         |
| Mallow                  | Mild Disposition.               |
| Mallow Marsh            | Beneficence.                    |
| Mallow, Syrian          | Consumed by Love.               |
| Mallow, Venetian        | Delicate Beauty.                |
| Mandrake                | Rarity.                         |
| Maple                   | Reserve.                        |
| Marjoram                | Blushes.                        |
| Marsh Mallow            | Humanity.                       |
| Marvel of Peru          | Timidity.                       |
| Marygold                | Chagrin, Pain, <i>Cruelty</i> . |
| Marygold, African       | Vulgar Minded.                  |

| <i>Flowers.</i>                      | <i>Sentiments.</i>                     |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| Marygold, Fig                        | Idleness.                              |
| Marygold, Garden                     | Jealousy and Uneasiness.               |
| May Rose                             | Precocity.                             |
| Meadow Lychnis                       | Wit.                                   |
| Meadow Saffron                       | My best days are past.                 |
| Mereury, (Good Henry)                | Goodness.                              |
| Mezereon                             | I desire to please.                    |
| Mignonette                           | Your qualities surpass your<br>beauty. |
| Milfoil, (Yarrow)                    | War.                                   |
| Milkveteh                            | Your presenece softens my<br>pain.     |
| Mimosa, (Sensitive Plant)            | Sensitiveness.                         |
| Mint                                 | Virtue.                                |
| Mistletoe                            | Obstacles to be overeome.              |
| Moek Orange                          | Counterfeit.                           |
| Monkshood, (Helmet<br>Flower)        | Knight errantry.                       |
| Moon Wort                            | Forgetfulness.                         |
| Mosehatel                            | Weakness.                              |
| Moss                                 | Ennui, <i>Recluse</i> .                |
| Mossy Saxifrage, (Lady's<br>Cushion) | Maternal Love.                         |
| Mother Wort                          | Concealed Love.                        |
| Mountain Ash                         | Prudence.                              |

*Flowers.**Sentiments.*

Mourning Bride

Unfortunate attachment,  
*I have lost all.*

Mouse Eared Chick Weed Ingenuous Simplicity.

Mouse Ear Scorpion Grass Forget me not.

Moving Plant

Agitation.

Mug Wort

Happiness.

Mulberry Tree

Wisdom.

Mushroom

Suspicion.

Mustard Seed

Indifference.

Myrrh

Gladness.

Myrtle

Love.

## N

Narcissus, (Egotism)

Self-esteem.

Nasturtium, (Indian Cress)

Patriotism.

Nettle

Cruelty, Slander.

Nettle, Stinking

Slander.

Nettle Tree

Concert, Plan.

Night-blooming Cereus

Transient beauty.

Nightshade

Sorcery, Witchcraft, *Scepticism.*

## O

Oak Tree

Hospitality.

*Flowers.**Sentiments.*

|                     |  |
|---------------------|--|
| Oak Leaf            | Bravery.                               |
| Oats                | Music.                                 |
| Oleander, (Rosebay) | Beware.                                |
| Olive               | Peace.                                 |
| Orange Tree         | Generosity.                            |
| Orange Blossom      | Your Purity equals your<br>Loveliness. |
| Orange Flower       | Chastity.                              |
| Orchis              | A Belle, a Beauty.                     |
| Osmunda             | Dreams.                                |
| Ox Eye              | Patience.                              |
| Osier               | Frankness.                             |

## P

|                       |   |
|-----------------------|---|
| Palm                  | Victory.  |
| Pansy, (Heart's Ease) | You occupy my thoughts.                               |
| Parsley               | Feasting.   |
| Pasque Flower         | You have no claims.                                   |
| Passion Flower        | Belief, <i>Susceptibility</i> .                       |
| Patience Dock         | Patience.   |
| Pea                   | Respect.  |
| Pea, Everlasting      | Lasting Pleasure, <i>An ap-<br/>pointed Meeting</i> . |
| Peach Blossom         | I am your captive.                                    |

| <i>Flowers.</i>     | <i>Sentiments.</i>                   |
|---------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Pear Tree           | Affection.                           |
| Penny Royal         | Flee away.                           |
| Peony               | Anger, a Frown.                      |
| Pepper Plant        | Satire.                              |
| Periwinkle, Blue    | Pleasure of Memory.                  |
| Periwinkle, Red     | Early Friendship.                    |
| Periwinkle, White   | Pleasant Recollections.              |
| Persicaria          | Restoration.                         |
| Persimon            | Bury me amidst Nature's<br>Beauties. |
| Peruvian Heliotrope | Intoxicated with Pleasure.           |
| Pheasant's Eye      | Sorrowful Remembrance.               |
| Phlox               | Unanimity.                           |
| Pimpernel           | Change, Assignation.                 |
| Pine Apple          | Perfection.                          |
| Pine, Black         | Pity.                                |
| Pine, Pitch         | Time and Philosophy.                 |
| Pine Spruce         | Farewell.                            |
| Pink                | Boldness.                            |
| Pink, Carnation     | Woman's Love.                        |
| Pink, Indian Double | Always Lovely.                       |
| Pink, Indian Single | Aversion.                            |
| Pink, Mountain      | Aspiring.                            |
| Pink, Red Double    | Pure and Ardent Love.                |
| Pink, Red Single    | Pure Love.                           |

*Flowers.**Sentiments.*

|                     |   |
|---------------------|---|
| Pink, Variegated    | Refusal.  |
| Pink, White         | Ingeniousness.                                    |
| Plane Tree          | Serious.  |
| Pleurisy Root       | Cure for Heart-ache.                              |
| Plum Tree           | Perform your Promises.                            |
| Plum, Wild          | Independence.                                     |
| Polyanthus          | Pride of Riches.                                  |
| Polyanthus, Crimson | The Heart's Mystery.                              |
| Polyanthus, Lilac   | Confidence.                                       |
| Pomegranate         | Foolishness.                                      |
| Pomegranate, Flower | Mature Elegance.                                  |
| Poplar              | Courage.  |
| Poplar, White       | Time.   |
| Poppy, Red          | Consolation.                                      |
| Poppy, Scarlet      | Fantastic Extravagance.                           |
| Poppy, White        | Sleep, <i>My Bane! My Anti-</i><br><i>tidote!</i> |
| Potato              | Benevolence.                                      |
| Prickly Pear        | Satire.   |
| Pride of China      | Dissension.                                       |
| Primrose            | Early Youth.                                      |
| Primrose, Evening   | Inconstancy.                                      |
| Primrose, Red       | Unpatronised merit.                               |
| Privet              | Defence, <i>Mildness.</i>                         |
| Purple Clover       | Provident.  |

*Flowers.*

Pyrus Japonica

*Sentiments.*

Fairies' Fire.

## Q

Quamoclit

Busybody.

Queen's Rocket

Fashionable, *You are the  
Queen of Coquettes.*

## R

Ragged Robin

Wit.

Ranunculus

I am dazzled by your  
charms.

Ranunculus, Garden

You are rich in Attraction.

Ranunculus, Wild

Ingratitude.

Raspberry

Remorse.

Ray Grass

Vice.

Red-catch-fly

Youthful Love.

Reed

Complaisance.

Reed, Split

Indiscretion.

Rhododendron

Danger.

Rhubarb

Advice.

Rocket

Rivalry.

Rose, Austrian

Thou art all that is Lovely.

Rose, Bridal

Happy Love.

Rose. Burgundy

Unconscious Beauty.

*Flowers.*

Rose, Cabbage  
 Rose, Champion  
 Rose, Carolina  
 Rose, Christmas  
 Rose, Daily  
 Rose, Damask  
 Rose, Deep Red  
 Rose, Dog  
 Rose, Gelder  
 Rose, Hundred leaved  
 Rose, Japan  
 Rose, Maiden Blush  
 Rose, Moss [bud]  
 Rose, Moss [full]  
 Rose, Multiflora, (Bramble  
     flowered China Rose)  
 Rose, Mundi  
 Rose, Musk  
 Rose, Musk Cluster  
 Rose, Red [bud]  
 Rose, Red [full]  
 Rose, Thornless  
 Rose, Unique

*Sentiments.*

Ambassador of Love.  
 Only deserve my Love.  
 Love is dangerous.  
 Tranquillise my Anxiety.  
 Thy smile I aspire to.  
 Freshness.  
 Bashful shame.  
 Pleasure and Pain.  
 Winter of Age.  
 Pride.  
 Pity.  
 If you love me, you will  
     find it out.  
 Confession of Love  
 Superior Merit.  
 Grace.  
 Variety.  
 Capricious Beauty.  
 Charming.  
 You are Young and Beau-  
     tiful.  
 Beauty.  
 Ingratitude.  
 Call me not Beautiful.

| <i>Flowers.</i>                             | <i>Sentiments.</i>        |
|---|---------------------------|
| Rose, White [bud]                           | A heart ignorant of Love. |
| Rose, White [full]                          | I am worthy of you.       |
| Rose, White [withered]                      | Transient impressions.    |
| Rose, Yellow, (Yellow<br>Sweet Briar)       | Decrease of Love.         |
| Rose, York and Lancaster War.               |                           |
| Rose, [full blown, placed<br>over two buds] | Secrecy.                  |
| Rose, [white & red together]                | Unity.                    |
| Roses, [Crown made of]                      | Reward of Virtue          |
| Rosebay                                     | Beware.                   |
| Rosemary                                    | Remembrance.              |
| Rudbeckia                                   | Justice.                  |
| Rue   | Disdain.                  |
| Rush  | Docility.                 |

## S

|                         |                                  |
|-------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Saffron                 | Marriage.                        |
| Sage                    | Esteem, <i>Domestic Virtues.</i> |
| Saint John's Wort       | Animosity, Superstition.         |
| Sardony                 | Irony.                           |
| Satin Flower            | Sincerity.                       |
| Scabious                | Unfortunate Love.                |
| Scabious, Sweet         | Widowhood.                       |
| Scarlet Flowered Ipomæa | Attachment.                      |

| <i>Flowers.</i>           | <i>Sentiments.</i>                 |
|---------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Searlet Lychnis           | Sunbeamed eyes.                    |
| Schinus                   | Religious Enthusiasm.              |
| Sensitive Plant           | Sensitiveness, Bashful<br>Modesty. |
| Senvy                     | Indifference.                      |
| Shamrock                  | Light Heartedness.                 |
| Snakesfoot, (Dragon Wort) | Horror.                            |
| Snap Dragon               | Presumption.                       |
| Snow-ball                 | Bound.                             |
| Snow-drop                 | Refinement.                        |
| Sorrel                    | Parental Affection.                |
| Sorrel, Wild              | Wit ill timed.                     |
| Southernwood              | Jest, Bantering.                   |
| Spearmint                 | Warmth of Sentiment                |
| Speedwell                 | Female Fidelity.                   |
| Speedwell, Germander      | Facility.                          |
| Speedwell, Spiked         | Resemblance.                       |
| Spider Orphrys            | Adroitness.                        |
| Spiderwort                | Esteem but not Love.               |
| Spiked Willow Herb        | Pretension.                        |
| Spring Caroline           | Disappointment.                    |
| Star of Bethlehem         | Guidance, <i>Reconciliation</i>    |
| Star Wort                 | After-thought.                     |
| Star Wort, American       | Welcome to a Stranger              |
| (Michaelmas Daisy)        | <i>Cheerfulness in old Age.</i>    |

| <i>Flowers.</i>                       | <i>Sentiments.</i>           |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Stock, (Gilly Flower)                 | Lasting beauty.              |
| Straw, [broken]                       | Rupture.                     |
| Straw, [whole]                        | Union.                       |
| Strawberry Tree                       | Esteem and love.             |
| Sumach, Venice                        | Splendour.                   |
| Sunflower, Dwarf                      | Adoration.                   |
| Sunflower, Tall                       | Haughtiness.                 |
| Swallow Wort                          | Curc for Heart-Ache.         |
| Sweet Basil                           | Good Wishes, <i>Hatred</i> . |
| Sweet Briar, American                 | Simplicity.                  |
| Swcet Briar, European,<br>(Eglantine) | I wound to heal.             |
| Sweet Briar, Yellow                   | Decrease of Love.            |
| Swcet Pea                             | Delicate Pleasures.          |
| Swcet Sultan, (Centaury)              | Felicity.                    |
| Sweet Sultan Flower                   | Widowhood.                   |
| Swcet William                         | Gallantry, <i>Finesse</i> .  |
| Swcet scented Tassalago               | You shall have justice.      |
| Sycamore                              | Curiosity.                   |
| Syringa                               | Memory.                      |
| Syringa, Carolina                     | Disappointment.              |

## T

|           |             |
|-----------|-------------|
| Tamarinth | Crime.      |
| Tansy     | Resistance. |

*Flowers.**Sentiments.*

|                    |   |
|--------------------|---|
| Teasel             | Misanthropy.                                |
| Tenweekstock       | Promptitude.                                |
| Thistle, Common    | Austerity.                                  |
| Thistle, Fuller's  | Misanthropy.                                |
| Thistle, Scotch    | Retaliation.                                |
| Thorn, Branch of   | Severity.                                   |
| Thrift             | Sympathy.                                   |
| Throat Wort        | Neglected beauty.                           |
| Thyme              | Activity.                                   |
| Tiger Flower       | For once may Pride be-<br>friend me.        |
| Touch-me-not       | Impatient resolves.                         |
| Traveller's Joy    | Safety.                                     |
| Tree of Life       | Old age.                                    |
| Trefoil            | Revenge.                                    |
| Tuberose           | Old age, <i>The farther the<br/>dearer.</i> |
| Tulip Tree         | Fame.                                       |
| Tulip Tree Blossom | Rural Happiness.                            |
| Tulip, Red         | Declaration of love.                        |
| Tulip, Variegated  | Beautiful eyes.                             |
| Tulip, Yellow      | Hopeless love.                              |
| Turnip             | Charity.                                    |
| Valerian           | V<br>Accommodating disposition              |

*Flowers.**Sentiments.*

|                           |  |
|---------------------------|--|
| Venus's Looking-Glass     | Flattery.                                  |
| Venus's Fly-Trap          | Deceit.                                    |
| Verbena                   | Sensibility.                               |
| Veronica                  | Fidelity in friendship.                    |
| Vernal Grass              | Poor but happy.                            |
| Vervain                   | Superstition.                              |
| Vetch                     | Shyness.                                   |
| Vine                      | Drunkenness.                               |
| Violet, Blue              | Faithfulness, <i>Love</i> .                |
| Violet, Dame's            | You are the queen of Co-<br>quettes.       |
| Violet, Purple            | You occupy my thoughts.                    |
| Violet, Wild              | Love in idleness.                          |
| Violet, White             | Candour, Innocence, <i>Mo-<br/>desty</i> . |
| Violet, Yellow and Purple | Heart's ease.                              |
| Virga Aurea               | Encouragement.                             |
| Virgin's Bower            | Filial love.                               |
| Virginian Spider Wort     | Momentary happiness.                       |
| Voleamenian Japonica      | May you be happy.                          |

## W

|             |                         |
|-------------|-------------------------|
| Wake Robin  | Ardour.                 |
| Wall Flower | Fidelity in misfortune. |
| Walnut      | Stratagem.              |

*Flowers.**Sentiments.*

|                   |                    |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| Water Melon       | Bulkiness.         |
| Wax Plant         | Susceptibility.    |
| Wheat             | Prosperity.        |
| Whin              | Anger.             |
| White Bell Flower | Gratitude.         |
| White Mullein     | Good nature.       |
| Wortle Berry      | Treason.           |
| Willow            | Freedom.           |
| Willow, French    | Bravery, Humanity. |
| Willow, Herb      | Pretension.        |
| Willow, Weeping   | Forsaken.          |
| Wolfsbane         | Misanthropy.       |
| Woodbine          | Paternal love.     |
| Woodsorrel        | Joy.               |
| Wormwood          | Absence.           |

## X

|                      |           |
|----------------------|-----------|
| Xanthium, (Clot Bar) | Rudeness. |
|----------------------|-----------|

## Y

|                   |                      |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| Yarrow, (Milfoil) | War, <i>To cure.</i> |
| Yew               | Sadness.             |

## Z

|                 |              |
|-----------------|--------------|
| Zephyr's Flower | Expectation. |
| Zinnia          | Absence.     |

## PART II.

### SIMPLE SENTIMENTS.

| <i>Sentiments.</i>         | A | <i>Flowers.</i>                  |
|----------------------------|---|----------------------------------|
| Absence                    |   | Wormwood, Zinnia.                |
| Acknowledgment             |   | Canterbury Bell.                 |
| Activity                   |   | Thyme.                           |
| Adoration                  |   | Dwarf Sunflower.                 |
| Adroitness                 |   | Spider Orphry's.                 |
| Advice                     |   | Rhubarb.                         |
| Affectation                |   | Amaranth, (Cockscomb.)           |
| Affection                  |   | Pear Tree.                       |
| Affection beyond the grave |   | Green Locust Tree.               |
| Affection, (bonds of)      |   | Gilly Flower.                    |
| Affliction                 |   | Aloe.                            |
| Age, Old                   |   | Golden Rose, Tree of Life.       |
| Agitation                  |   | Moving Plant.                    |
| Amiability                 |   | Jasmine, White.                  |
| Ambition                   |   | Mountain Laurel, Holly-<br>hock. |
| Ambition, Female           |   | White Hollyhock.                 |
| Amusement                  |   | Bladder Nut Tree.                |
| Anger                      |   | Whin, Perry.                     |

*Sentiments.**Flowers.*

|                         |                            |
|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| Animosity               | Saint John's Wort.         |
| Anticipation            | Gooseberry.                |
| Ardour                  | Arum, (Wake Robin.)        |
| Argument                | A Fig.                     |
| Art                     | Acanthus.                  |
| Artifice                | Acanthus.                  |
| Aspiring                | Mountain Pink.             |
| Attachment              | Ipomæa.                    |
| Attachment, Unfortunate | Scabious.                  |
| Audacity                | Larch.                     |
| Austerity               | Common Thistle.            |
| Avarice                 | Scarlet Auricula.          |
| Aversion                | China Pink.                |
| B                       |                            |
| Beauty                  | Full-blown Red Rose.       |
| Beauty, Capricious      | Lady's Slipper.            |
| Beauty, Delicate        | Hibiscus, Venetian Mallow. |
| Beauty, Magnificent     | Calla Æthiopica.           |
| Beauty, Mental          | Clematis.                  |
| Beauty, Neglected       | Throat Wort.               |
| Beauty, Pensive         | Laburnum.                  |
| Beauty, Rustic          | French Honeysuckle.        |
| Beauty, Splendid        | Amaryllis.                 |
| Beauty, Unconscious     | Red Daisy, Burgundy Rose.  |
| Beauty, Unfading        | Gilly Flower.              |

*Sentiments.*

Belief  
 Beneficence  
 Benevolence  
 Blackness  
 Bluntness  
 Blushes  
 Boldness  
 Bonds  
 Bound  
 Bravery  
 Bulk  
 Business

*Flowers.*

Passion Flower.  
 Marsh Mallow.  
 A Potato, *Calycan*  
 Ebony.  
 Borage.  
 Marjoram.  
 Pink.  
 Convolvulus.  
 Snow-ball.  
 Oak Leaf, *French Willow*.  
 A Gourd.  
 Dodder of Thyme.

## C

Calm  
 Calumny  
 Candour  
 Celibacy  
 Chagrin  
 Change  
 Charity  
 Charming  
 Charms (Deceitful)  
 Chastity  
 Cheerfulness

Buckbean.  
 Maddar, *Hellebore*.  
 White Violet.  
 The Willow.  
 Marygold.  
 Pimpernel.  
 A Turnip, Wild Grape.  
 Musk Cluster Rose.  
 Thorn Apple.  
 Orange Flower.  
 Daisy. *Spring Crocus*.

*Sentiments.**Flowers.*

|                         |                                  |
|-------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Cheerfulness in Old Age | Michaelmas Daisy.                |
| Childishness            | Butter Cups.                     |
| Chivalry                | Great Yellow Daffodil.           |
| Cleanly                 | Hyssop.                          |
| Cold-hearted            | Lettuce.                         |
| Coldness                | Agnus Castus.                    |
| Comforting              | Scarlet Geranium.                |
| Compassion              | Calycanthus, <i>Elder</i> .      |
| Complaisance            | A Reed.                          |
| Coneord                 | Lote Tree.                       |
| Confidence, Faithful    | Lion Wort.                       |
| Confidence, Impudent    | Lilac, Polyanthus.               |
| Consolation             | Red Poppy.                       |
| Constancy               | Blue Bell, <i>Box</i> .          |
| Content                 | Houstonia.                       |
| Coquetry                | The Day Lily, <i>Dandelion</i> . |
| Counterfeit             | Mock Orange.                     |
| Courage                 | Poplar.                          |
| Crime                   | Tamarinth.                       |
| Criticism               | Squirting Cucumber.              |
| Cruelty                 | Nettle, <i>Marygold</i> .        |
| Curiosity               | Sycamore.                        |

## D

|          |               |
|----------|---------------|
| Danger   | Rhododendron. |
| Darkness | Ebony.        |

| <i>Sentiments.</i>       | <i>Flowers.</i>                                     |
|--------------------------|---|
| Death                    | Cypress.  |
| Deceit                   | Apocynum, (Dog's Bane.)                             |
| Deception                | White Cherry.                                       |
| Defeat                   | Henbane.  |
| Defence                  | Privet.   |
| Dejection                | Lichen.   |
| Delay                    | Fever Root.   |
| Delicacy                 | Blue Bottle Centaury,<br><i>Lily of the Valley.</i> |
| Departure                | Sweet Pea.  |
| Despair                  | Cypress.  |
| Despondency              | Humble Plant.                                       |
| Devotion                 | Heliotrope.   |
| Difficulty               | Blackthorn.   |
| Diffidence               | Cyclamen.   |
| Dignity                  | Cloves.   |
| Discretion               | Maiden Hair, <i>Lemon Blossom.</i>                  |
| Disdain                  | Yellow Carnation, <i>Rue.</i>                       |
| Disgust                  | Frog Ophtrys.                                       |
| Disposition, Mildness of | Mallow.   |
| Disappointment           | Syringa Carolina                                    |
| Discussion               | Pride of China.                                     |
| Distinction              | Cardinal's Flower.                                  |
| Distrust                 | Lavender.   |

*Sentiments.**Flowers.*

|                          |  |
|--------------------------|--|
| Doeility                 | Bulrush.                                     |
| Dreams                   | Osmunda.                                     |
| Drunkenness              | The Vine, Carnation,<br>Yellow.              |
| Duration                 | Dogwood, (Cornel Tree.)                      |
| E                        |  |
| Eclat                    | Indian Cress.                                |
| Education                | Cherry Tree.                                 |
| Egotism                  | Nareissus.                                   |
| Elegancee                | White or Pink Acacia,<br><i>Locust Tree.</i> |
| Elegancee, Finished      | Pomegranate Flower.                          |
| Eloquence                | LotusIndianLagerstræmia.                     |
| Enchantment              | Holly Herb.                                  |
| Encouragement            | Virga Aurea, (Golden Rod.)                   |
| Energy in Adversity      | Chamomile.                                   |
| Ennui                    | Moss.  |
| Enthusiasm, Religious    | Sehinus.                                     |
| Envy                     | Geranium, (Crane's Bill.)<br>Bramble.        |
| Error                    | Fly Orchis.                                  |
| Error, Paternal          | Cardamime.                                   |
| Esteem                   | Sage.  |
| Excellence, Unpretending | Camellia Japonica.                           |
| Expeetation              | <i>Anemone.</i>                              |

*Sentiments.**Flowers.*

Expectation, Disappointed Fish Geranium

Extasy

Cape Jasmine.

Extent

A Gourd.

Extravagance, Fantastic Scarlet Poppy.

## F

Faeility

Germander Speedwell.

Faithfulness

Blue Violet.

Falsehood

Bugloss, Yellow Lily.

Fame.

Tulip Tree.

Farewell

Spruce Pine.

Fashionable.

Queen's Rocket.

Fate

Hemp.

Feasting

Parsley.

Fecundity

Holyhock.

Felicity

Sweet Sultan, Centaury  
(Blue Bottle.)

Fickleness.

Pink Larkspur, Lady's  
Slipper, Abatina.

Fidelity, Female

Spcedwell.

Fidelity in Friendship

Veronica.

Fidelity in Love

Lemon Blossom.

Fidelity in Misfortune

Wall-Flower.

Fierceness

Amaryllis.

Finesse

Sweet William.

*Sentiments.**Flowers.*

|                         |                                |
|-------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Fire                    | Horehound.                     |
| Flattery                | Venus's Looking-Glass.         |
| Folly                   | Columbine.                     |
| Foolishness             | Pomegranate.                   |
| Foppery                 | Amaranth (Cockscomb.)          |
| Force                   | Fennel.                        |
| Foresight               | Holly.                         |
| Forgetfulness           | Moon Wort.                     |
| Forsaken                | Weeping Willow, Labur-<br>num. |
| Frankness               | Oyser.                         |
| Freedom.                | The Willow.                    |
| Freshness               | Damask Rose.                   |
| Friendship.             | Ivy, Rose Acacia.              |
| Friendship, Early.      | Red Periwinkle.                |
| Friendship, Unchanging. | Arbor Vitæ.                    |
| Frivolity               | Columbine.                     |
| Frugality               | Endive.                        |
| G                       |                                |
| Gaiety                  | Butterfly Orchis.              |
| Gain.                   | Cabbage.                       |
| Generosity              | Orange Tree.                   |
| Genius.                 | Palm Tree.                     |
| Gladness                | Myrrh.                         |
| Gladness, Youthful      | Spring Crocus.                 |

*Sentiments.*

Glory  
 Good Nature  
 Goodness  
 Gossip  
 Grace  
 Grandeur  
 Gratitude  
  
 Grief  
 Guidance

*Flowers.*

Mountain Laurel.  
 White Mullein.  
 Good Henry.  
 Cobæa.  
 Multiflora Rose.  
 Ash Tree.  
 White Bell Flower, *Can-*  
*terbury Bell.*  
 Aloe.  
 Star of Bethlehem.

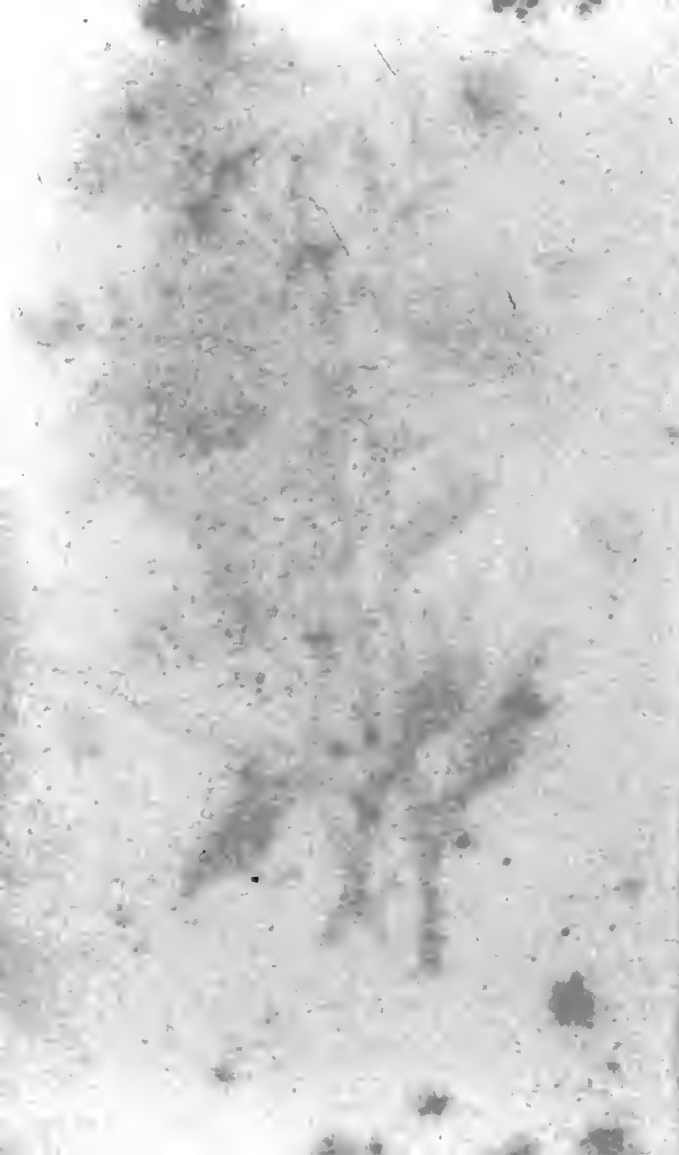
## H

Happiness  
 Happiness Domestic  
 Happiness, Return of  
 Happiness, Rural  
 Hatred  
 Haughtiness  
  
 Heart's Ease  
 Heedlessness  
 Horror  
 Hope  
 Hope, Extinguished  
 Horror

Mug Wort.  
 Monthly Honeysuckle.  
 Lily of the Valley.  
 Grape, Tulip Tree Blossom.  
 Sweet Basil  
 Double Larkspur, Tall  
 Sunflower.  
 Yellow and Purple Violet  
 Almond Tree  
 Dragon, Wort.  
 Hawthorn.  
 Convolvulus Major.  
 Snakesfoot.



CHINA ASTERS



*Sentiments.**Flowers.*

|                        |  |
|------------------------|--|
| Hospitality            | Oak Tree.                                      |
| Humility               | Field Lilac, French Willow.                    |
| Humility               | Bindweed, <i>Broom</i> .                       |
|                        | I  |
| Idleness               | Fig Marygold.                                  |
| Imagination            | Lupine.  |
| Immortality            | Amaranth.                                      |
| Impatience             | Yellow Balsam.                                 |
| Importunity            | Bur.   |
| Impressions, Transient | White and withered Rose.                       |
| Inconstancy            | Evening Primrose.                              |
| Incorruptible          | Cedar of Lebanon.                              |
| Independence           | Wild Plum Tree.                                |
| Indifference           | Agnus Castus, Mustard<br>Seed, Senvy.          |
| Indiscretion           | A Split Reed.                                  |
| Industry               | Bee Orchis, <i>Red Clover</i> .                |
| Industry, Domestic     | Flax.  |
| Ingeniousness          | White Pink.                                    |
| Ingenuousness          | Musc-Eared Chick Weed.                         |
| Ingratitude            | Crow Foot, Thornless<br>Rose, Wild Ranunculus. |
| Injustice              | Hops.  |
| Innocence              | White Daisy, White Violet.                     |
| Insincerity            | Foxglove.                                      |

*Sentiments.*

Insinuation

Inspiration

Instability

Inutility

Irony

Jealousy

Jest

Joy

Joy, Future

Joy, Transports of

Justice

Knowledge, Useful

Lamentation

Levity

Life

Lightness

Love

Love, Concealed

*Flowers.*

Great Bindweed.

Angelica.

Dahlia.

Diosma.

Sardony.

## J

Garden Marygold, *Hya-*  
*cinth.*

Southernwood.

Woodsorrel.

Celandine.

Cape Jasmine.

Rudbeckia.

## K

Parsley.

## L

Aspen Tree.

Larkspur, Shamrock.

Lucerne.

Larkspur.

Blue Violet.

Mother Wort.

*Sentiments.*

Love, Conjugal  
Love, Devoted  
Love, Estranged  
Love, Filial  
Love, Happy  
Love, Hopeless  
Love, Idle  
Love, Maternal  
Love, Parental  
Love, Paternal  
Love, Platonic  
Love, Positive  
Love, Pretended  
Love, Pure  
Love, Pure and Ardent  
Love, Returned  
Love, Slighted  
Love, Secret  
Love, Sudden  
Love, Sweet and Secret  
Love, Woman's  
Love, Youthful  
Love, Self  
Love, Ambassador of  
Love, Bonds of

*Flowers.*

Limc Tree.  
Wild Honeysuckle.  
Lotus Flower.  
Virgin's Bower.  
Bridal Rose.  
Yellow Tulip.  
Wild Heart's Ease.  
Lady's Cushion.  
Sorrel.  
Woodbine.  
Rose Acacia.  
Myrtle.  
Catchfly.  
Red Single Pink.  
Red Double Pink.  
Ambrosia.  
Yellow Chrysanthemum.  
Yellow Acacia.  
Arkansa Coriopsis.  
Honey Flower.  
Carnation.  
Red Catchfly.  
Narcissus.  
Cabbage Rose.  
Monthly Honeysuckle.

*Sentiments.*

Love, Confession of  
 Love, Declaration of  
 Love, Decrease of  
 Love, Consumed by  
  
 Lustre  
 Luxury  
 Luxury, Domestic

*Flowers.*

Bud of a Moss Rose.  
 Red Tulip.  
 Yellow Sweet Briar.  
 Althæa Frutea, (Syrian  
   Mallow.)  
 Fair Maid of France.  
 Horse-Chesnut.  
 Houseleek.

## M

Majesty  
  
 Malevolence  
 Marriage  
 Matrimony  
 Meekness  
 Melancholy  
 Memory  
 Memory, Pleasures of  
 Merit, Concealed  
 Merit, Superior  
 Merit, Unpatronized  
 Merit, Reward of  
 Mildness  
 Misanthropy

Imperial Lilæ, Crown  
 Imperial.

Lobelia.  
 Saffron.  
 Ivy.  
 Birch Tree.  
 Dark Geranium.  
 Syringa.  
 Blue Periwinkle.  
 Coriander.  
 Moss Rose.  
 Red Primrose.  
 Bay Wreath.  
 Privet.  
 Fuller's Thistle, Wolfsbane.

*Sentiments.**Flowers.*

Modesty  
Modesty, Feminine  
Mourning  
Music

White Violet, White Lilac.  
*Calla Æthiopica.*  
Cypress.  
Oats.

## N

Neatness  
Night

Broom.  
Convolvulus Minor.

## O

Obstacles  
Oracle  
Ornament

Mistletoe.  
Dandelion.  
Hornbeam Tree.

## P

Pain  
Painting  
Participation  
Patience  
Patriotism  
Peace  
Pensiveness  
Perfection  
Perfidy  
Perplexity  
Persecution

Marygold.  
Auricula.  
Double Daisy.  
Dock, Ox Eye.  
Nasturtium.  
Olive.  
Cowslip.  
Pine Apple.  
Common Laurel.  
Love in a Mist.  
Chequered Frutillary.

| <i>Sentiments.</i>  | <i>Flowers.</i>   |
|---------------------|---|
| Perseverance        | Canary Grass, Swamp Magnolia.                                   |
| Persuasion          | Althæa Frutex.  |
| Pity                | The Black Pine, <i>Camellia Japonica</i> ( <i>Japan Rose</i> .) |
| Pleasure, Delicate  | Sweet Pea.  |
| Pleasure, Last      | Everlasting Pea   |
| Poison              | Hemlock.  |
| Poetry              | Eglantine.  |
| Poverty             | Evergreen Clematis.   |
| Preeaution          | Golden Rod.   |
| Power               | Imperial Montague,<br>Crown Imperial.                           |
| Preference          | Rose or Pink Geranium.  |
| Preference, Present | Apple Geranium.   |
| Presumption         | Snap Dragon.  |
| Pretension          | Spiked Willow Herb.   |
| Pride               | Amaryllis, Hundred Leaved Rose.                                 |
| Privation           | Indian Plum.  |
| Prolific            | Fig Tree.   |
| Promptitude         | Tenweekstock.   |
| Prosperity          | Beech Tree, Wheat.  |
| Protection          | Bearded Crepis.   |
| Prudence            | Mountain Ash.   |
| Purity              | White Lilac.  |

## Q

*Sentiments.*

Quicksightedness

*Flowers.*

Hawkweed.

## R

Rarity

Mandrakes.

Reason

Goats' Rue.

Reeal

Silver Leaved Geranium.

Recantation

Lotus Leaf.

Reeluse

Moss.

Reconciliation

A Filbert, *Star of Bethlehem.*

Refinement

Snow-Drop.

Refusal

Striped Pink, or Carnation.

Regard

Daffodil.

Relief

Balm of Gilead.

Remembrance

Rosemary.

Remembrance, Sorrowful Adonis.

Remembrance, Constant Cud Weed, Everlasting flower.

Remembrances, Sorrowful Pheasant's Eye.

Reminiscences, Pleasing White Periwinkle.

Remorse

Raspberry.

Rendezvous

Chickweed.

Repose

Buckbean.

Resemblance

Spiked Speedwell.

Reserve

Maple.

| <i>Sentiments.</i>  | <i>Flowers.</i>                                      |
|---------------------|--|
| Resistance          | Tansy.   |
| Respect             | Pea.   |
| Resolves, Impatient | Red Balsam, (Touch me not.)                          |
| Restoration         | Persicaria.  |
| Retaliation         | Scotch Thistle.                                      |
| Revenge             | Birdsfoot, Trefoil.                                  |
| Riches, Pride of    | Polyanthus.  |
| Rigour              | Lantana.   |
| Rivalry             | Rocket.  |
| Royalty             | Angrec.  |
| Rudeness            | Xanthium.  |
| Rupture             | A Broken Straw, <i>Blue Flowered Greek Valerian.</i> |

## S

|               |  |
|---------------|--|
| Safety        | Traveller's Joy.                           |
| Satire        | Prickly Pear.                              |
| Scandal       | Hellebore.                                 |
| Scepticism    | Nightshade.                                |
| Sculpture     | Hoya.                                      |
| Secrecy       | A Full Blown Rose placed<br>over two Buds. |
| Security      | Cistus.                                    |
| Sensibility   | Verbena.                                   |
| Sensitiveness | Mimosa, (Sensitive Plant.)                 |

*Sentiments.**Flowers.*

|                      |   |
|----------------------|---|
| Sensuality           | Spanish Jasmine.                                  |
| Sentiment, Warmth of | Spearmint.  |
| Serenade             | Dew Plant.  |
| Severity             | A Branch of Thorn.                                |
| Shyness              | Vetch.  |
| Shame, Bashful       | Deep Red Rose.                                    |
| Sickness             | Anemone.  |
| Silence              | Belladonna.                                       |
| Simplicity           | Blæ Berry, <i>American</i><br><i>Sweet Briar.</i> |
| Sincerity.           | Fern, Honesty, Satin<br>Flower.                   |
| Singularity          | Amaranth (Cockscomb.)                             |
| Slander              | Stinking Nettle.                                  |
| Sleep                | White Poppy.                                      |
| Solitude             | Heath, Liehen.                                    |
| Sorcery              | Nightshade.                                       |
| Sourness             | Barberry.   |
| Spleen               | Fumitory.   |
| Splendour            | Nasturtium, Venice Su-<br>mach.                   |
| Sport                | Hyacinth.   |
| Stability            | Cresses.  |
| Stoicism             | Box.  |
| Stratagem            | Walnut.   |

*Sentiments.**Flowers.*

|                         |  |
|-------------------------|--|
| Strength                | Cedar Tree.                                      |
| Stupidity               | Almond Tree.                                     |
| Submission              | Grass.   |
| Succour                 | Juniper.   |
| Superstition            | St. John's Wort, Vervain.                        |
| Superstition, Religious | Aloe.  |
| Surprise                | Betony.  |
| Susceptibility          | Passion Flower.                                  |
| Suspicion               | Mushroom.  |
| Sympathy                | Balm, Thrift.                                    |
| T                       |  |
| Tardiness               | Flax leaved golden locks.                        |
| Tears                   | Helenium.  |
| Temperance              | Azulea.  |
| Temptation              | An Apple.  |
| Time                    | White Poplar.                                    |
| Time, and Philosophy    | Pitch Pine.                                      |
| Time                    | Fir of Gilead, <i>Balm of Gilead.</i>            |
| Timidity                | Marvel of Peru.                                  |
| Tranquillity            | Mad-wort.  |
| Treachery               | Common Laurel.                                   |
| Treason                 | Whortle Berry.                                   |
| Truth                   | White Chrysanthemum,<br>Bitter Sweet Nightshade. |

*Sentiments.**Flowers.*

## U

|              |                                      |
|--------------|--------------------------------------|
| Unanimity    | Phlox.                               |
| Uncertainty  | Convolvulus.                         |
| Unchangeable | Globe Amaranth.                      |
| Union        | A Straw.                             |
| Unity        | A White and Red Rose bound together. |
| Utility      | Grass.                               |

## V

|                   |                          |
|-------------------|--------------------------|
| Variety           | Mundi Rose, China Aster. |
| Vice              | Ray Grass.               |
| Victory           | Palm.                    |
| Virtue            | Mint.                    |
| Virtue, Reward of | A Crown of Roses.        |
| Virtues, Domestic | Sage.                    |
| Vivacity          | House-leek.              |
| Volubility        | Abecedary.               |
| Voraciousness     | Lupine.                  |

## W

|               |                                      |
|---------------|--------------------------------------|
| War           | Milford, York, and Lancaster Rose    |
| Warmth        | Cactus.                              |
| Weakness      | Moschatel.                           |
| Widowhood     | Sweet Scabious, Sweet Sultan Flower. |
| Winning Grace | Cowslip.                             |
| Winter        | Ice Plant.                           |

| <i>Sentiments.</i> | <i>Flowers.</i>               |
|--------------------|-------------------------------|
| Wisdom             | Mulberry Tree.                |
| Wit                | Meadow Lychnis, Ragged Robin. |
| Wit, ill timed     | Wild Sorrel.                  |
| Witchcraft         | Nightshade.                   |
|                    | Y                             |
| Youth              | White Lilac.                  |
| Youth, Early       | Primrose.                     |
|                    | Z                             |
| Zealousness        | Elder.                        |
| Zest               | A Lemon.                      |

---

### WORDS AND PHRASES WITH THE ARTICLE PREFIXED.

|                                     |                   |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------|
| A Beauty                            | Orchis.           |
| A Birth                             | Dittany.          |
| A Boaster                           | Hydranger.        |
| A Busybody                          | Quamoclit.        |
| A Concerted Plan                    | Nettle Tree.      |
| A Cure                              | Balm of Gilead.   |
| A Frown                             | Peony.            |
| A Heart that is ignorant<br>of Love | White Rose [bud.] |
| A Snare                             | Dragon Plant.     |

*Sentiments.**Flowers.*

|  |                             |
|--|-----------------------------|
| A Token  | Laurustinus.                |
| A Warlike Trophy                               | Nasturtium, (Indian Cress.) |
| A Wish   | Foxglove.                   |
| An After Thought                               | Star wort.                  |
| An Appointed Meeting                           | Everlasting Pea.            |
| An Expected Meeting.                           | Nutmeg, Geranium.           |
| The Colour of my Fate                          | Coral Honeysuckle.          |
| The Decrease of Love on<br>better acquaintance | Yellow Rose.                |
| The Farther the Dearer                         | Tubcrose.                   |
| The First emotions of Love                     | Purple Lilac.               |
| The Heart's Mystery                            | Crimson Polyanthus          |

## COMBINED AND COMPOUND SENTIMENTS.

|                           |                          |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| Anxious and Trembling     | Columbine, Red           |
| Esteem and Love           | Strawberry Tree.         |
| Grace and Eloquence       | Yellow Jasmine.          |
| Pleasure and Pain         | Dog Rose.                |
| Purity and Sweetness      | White Lily.              |
| Accommodating Disposition | Valerian.                |
| Beautiful Eyes            | Variegated Tulip.        |
| Beloved Daughter          | Cinquefoil.              |
| Good Wishes               | Sweet Basil.             |
| Knight Errantry           | Helmet Flower, Monkwood. |
| Rejected Addresses        | Ice Plant.               |

| <i>Sentiments.</i> | <i>Flowers.</i>    |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| Retirement enjoyed | Hare or Blue Bell. |
| Single-blessedness | Bachelor's Button. |
| Sunbeamed Eys.     | Scarlet Lychnis.   |
| Vulgar-minded      | African Marygold.  |

### PHRASES WITH PRONOUNS PREFIXED.

|   |                            |
|---|----------------------------|
| I change but in dying                   | Bay leaf.                  |
| I declare against you                   | Belvidere, Wild liquorice. |
| I desire to please                      | Mazereon.                  |
| I desire a return of affection          | Jonquil.                   |
| I engage you for the next Dance         | Ivy Geranium.              |
| I esteem but do not love you            | Spiderwort.                |
| I fall into the traps laid for me       | Catch fly, White.          |
| I feel all my obligations               | Lint.                      |
| I live for thee                         | Cedar.                     |
| I love                                  | Red Chrysanthemum.         |
| I partake your sentiments               | Double China Aster.        |
| I wound to heal                         | Eglantine.                 |
| I am cheerful under mis-<br>fortune     | Chinese Chrysanthemum.     |
| I am dazzled by your charms             | Ranunculus.                |
| I am for ever thine                     | Dahlia.                    |
| I am hopeless but not heartless         | Love lies-a-bleeding.      |
| I am perfectly indifferent to you       | Dogwood Blossom.           |
| I am plagued by the ambition of my love | Fuchsia.                   |

*Sentiments.**Flowers.*

|                                      |                               |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| I am poor but happy                  | Vernal Grass.                 |
| I am resolved to win                 | Purple Columbine.             |
| I am worthy of you                   | White Rose, [full.]           |
| I am your captive                    | Peach Blossom.                |
| I have a message for you             | Iris.                         |
| I have lost all                      | Honey Flower, Mourning Bride. |
| I will think of it                   | Single China Aster            |
| I would aspire to that smile         | Daily Rose.                   |
| I would not answer hastily           | Monthly Honeysuckle.          |
| My bane ! my antidote !              | White Poppy.                  |
| My best days are past                | Meadow Saffron.               |
| My compliments                       | Iris.                         |
| You occupy my thoughts               | Purple Violet, Pansy.         |
| You please all                       | A Bunch of Currants.          |
| You are always cheerful              | Coriopsis.                    |
| You are always lovely                | Double Indian Pink.           |
| You are all that is lovely           | Austrian Rose.                |
| You are intoxicated with<br>pleasure | Peruvian Heliotrope.          |
| You are rich in attraction           | Garden Ranunculus.            |
| You are the Queen of Coquettes       | Queen's Rocket.               |
| You are welcome to a stranger        | American Star Wort.           |
| You are young and beautiful          | Red Rosebud.                  |
| You have no claims                   | Pasque flower.                |

*Sentiments.**Flowers.*

Your presence softens my pain.

Your purity equals your loveliness Orange Blossom.

Your qualities surpass your loveliness Mignonette.

## COMMANDS AND REQUESTS.

Abuse not

Crocus.

Beware

Oleander, (Rosebay.)

Call me not beautiful

Rose, Unique.

Do me justice

Chesnut Tree.

Flee away

Penny Royal.

Forget me not Heart's Ease, (Yellow and Purple.)

Lady, deign to smile

Oak Geranium.

Live for me

Arbor Vitæ.

Only deserve my love

Campion Rose.

Perform your promises

Plum Tree.

Speak low if you speak love Honey Flower.

Tranquillize my anxiety Christmas.

## QUESTIONS, &amp;c.

Am I forgotten?

Holly.

Cure for Heart-ache

Swallow Wort, Cranberry.

If you love me, you will

find me out

Maiden's Blush Rose.

Love is dangerous

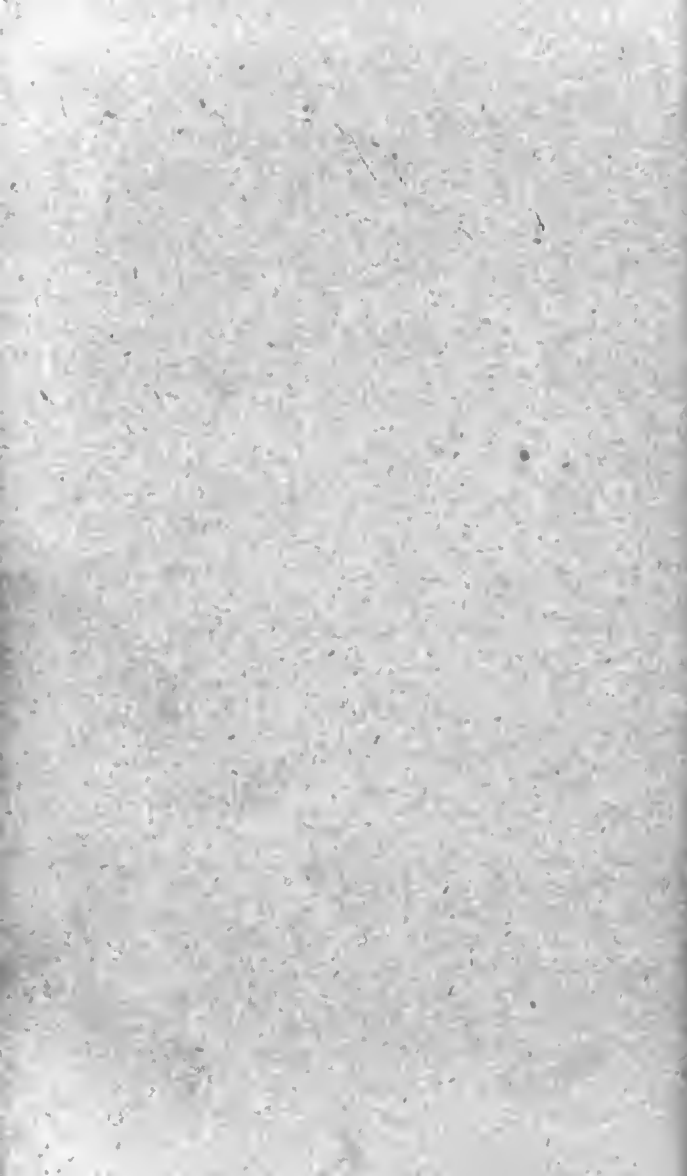
Carolina Rose.

May success crown your

wishes

Coronella.

THE  
POETRY OF FLOWERS.



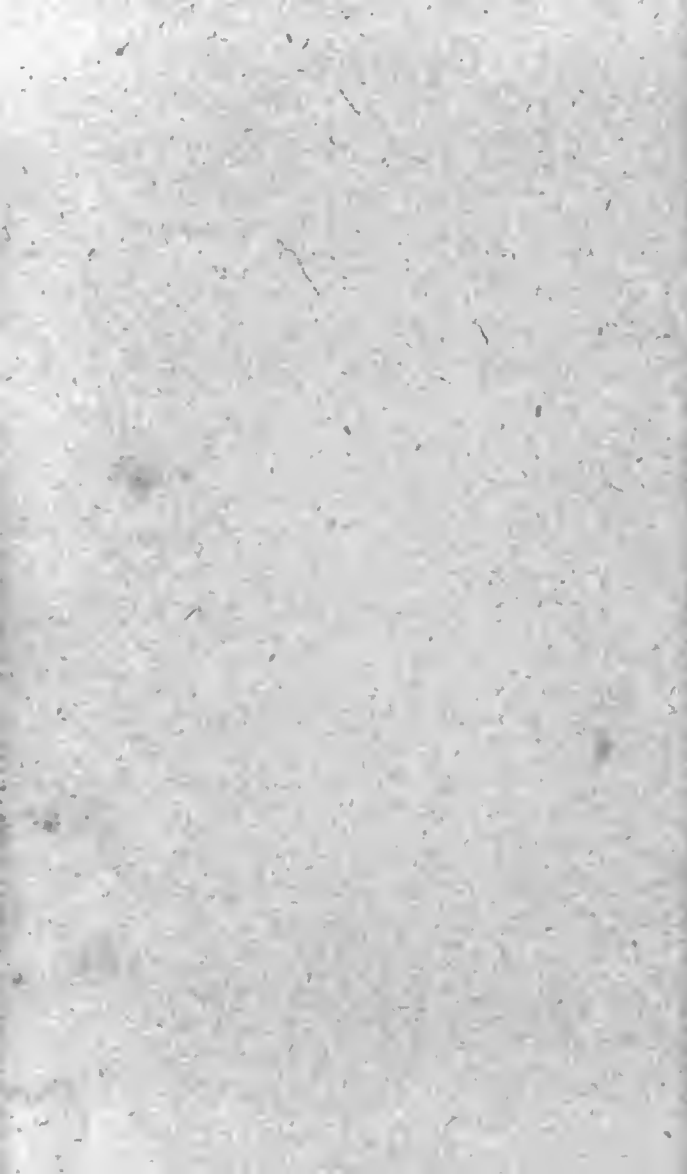
# CONTENTS.

---

|  | PAGE                        |
|--|-----------------------------|
| On a Blue Bell ... ..                        | 7                           |
| To a Mountain Daisy ... ..                   | 8                           |
| The Rose ... ..                              | 9, 24, 25, 26, 95, 107, 115 |
| The Daisy ... ..                             | 13, 34, 36, 103, 123        |
| The Death of Flowers ... ..                  | 13, 15                      |
| The Yellow Violet ... ..                     | 17                          |
| To a Flower ... ..                           | 18                          |
| On a Rose ... ..                             | 20                          |
| The Lily of the Vale ... ..                  | 20                          |
| To a beautiful Vine and a Rose Bush ... ..   | 21                          |
| Flora to Claude ... ..                       | 21                          |
| Bring Flowers ... ..                         | 22                          |
| The Lily ... ..                              | 27, 29, 45                  |
| Wild Flowers ... ..                          | 30, 32, 60                  |
| The Wreath ... ..                            | 38                          |
| Flowers ... ..                               | 42, 96                      |
| Origin of the Red Rose ... ..                | 45                          |
| To a Lily ... ..                             | 45                          |
| The Winter Rose ... ..                       | 46                          |
| On a Violet in the Garden of a Palace ... .. | 47                          |
| The Rose and Strawberry ... ..               | 49                          |

|                               | PAGE                      |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------|
| The Flower Spirit             | 51                        |
| To the Rose                   | 52                        |
| The Evening Primrose          | 53                        |
| The Withered Flower           | 55                        |
| The Flower Girl               | 56                        |
| The Snowdrop                  | 57, 78, 80, 111, 112, 116 |
| Field Flowers                 | 59                        |
| The Use of Flowers            | 62                        |
| Lines on Flowers              | 63                        |
| To a Wild Flower              | 64                        |
| Lines                         | 66                        |
| The Life of Flowers           | 68                        |
| To a Lover of Flowers         | 70                        |
| To a Wild Rose                | 71                        |
| Elegaic                       | 72                        |
| Stanzas                       | 73                        |
| O Spare My Flower             | 74                        |
| The Roses are Gone            | 75                        |
| Rosseau and the Wild Flower   | 77                        |
| To the Snowdrop               | 81, 119                   |
| Poetical Portrait             | 82                        |
| To the Violet                 | 83                        |
| The Violet                    | 84, 106, 127              |
| To a Primrose                 | 85                        |
| To a Faded Primrose           | 87                        |
| To a Primrose in February     | 88                        |
| To a Primrose in a Churchyard | 89                        |
| The Daffodil                  | 91                        |
| The Cowslip                   | 92                        |
| Heart's Ease                  | 94                        |
| The White Garden Lily         | 98                        |
| Forget-me-not                 | 99                        |
| The Woodruff                  | 100                       |
| Sonnet                        | 101                       |
| The Last Autumn Flower        | 102                       |

|                                      | PAGE |
|--------------------------------------|------|
| To the Evening Primrose...           | 104  |
| Twine the Rose and the Lily together | 106  |
| The Wall-Flower                      | 107  |
| Cowslips                             | 110  |
| The Early Snowdrop...                | 114  |
| To an Early Primrose                 | 114  |
| The Reaper and the Flowers           | 117  |
| Buttercups and Daisies               | 121  |
| The Withered Daisy                   | 123  |
| The Garland                          | 125  |
| The Rose Bud                         | 126  |



THE  
POETRY OF FLOWERS.

---

ON A BLUE-BELL,

THAT WAS IN BLOOM AFTER A STORMY NIGHT, BUT  
FADED IN THE SUNBEAM BEFORE NOON.

How wildly o'er the chilly night  
The tempest-demon flew ;  
Still art thou free from stain or blight,  
The storm though stern—was true.

But shun those beams, thou fairy flower,  
That o'er thy beauties stray ;  
They only seek thy fragrant bower  
To steal thy sweets away.

So, over Beauty's drooping head  
The fell despoiler sighs ;  
She looks, and all her peace is fled,  
She listens—and she dies.

ANON.

## TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

(DESTROYED BY A PLOUGH-SHARE.)

WEE, \* modest, crimson-tipp'd flower,  
 Thou 'ast met me in an evil hour,  
 For I must crush among the stour†  
                                     Thy slender stem;  
 To spare thee now is past my power,  
                                     Thou bonny gem.

Alas! 'tis not thy neighbour sweet,  
 The bonny lark, companion meet,  
 Bending thee 'mong the dewy wheat,  
                                     With speckled breast,  
 When upward-springing, blythe, to greet  
                                     The purpling east.

Cold blew the bitter-biting north  
 Upon thy early humble birth;  
 Yet cheerfully thou venturedst forth  
                                     Amid the storm,  
 Scarce reared above the parent earth  
                                     Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,  
 High sheltering woods and walls must shield;  
 But thou, behind some clod concealed,  
                                     Or random stone,  
 Adorn'st the rugged stubble-field,  
                                     Unseen, alone.

\* Wee, Little.

† Stour, Loose earth.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
Thy snowy bosom sunward spread,  
Thou lift'st thy unassuming head,  
                    In humble suit;  
But now the share uptears thy bed,  
                    And kills thy root.

Such fate to suffering worth is given,  
Which long with want and woe has striven,  
By human pride or cunning driven  
                    To misery's brink,  
Till, wrenched of every stay but heaven,  
                    He needs must sink.  
                                    ROBT. BURNS.

---

### THE ROSE.

NAY, Edith! spare the rose!—it lives—it lives,  
It feels the noon-tide sun, and drinks refresh'd  
The dews of night; let not thy gentle hand  
Tear sunder its life-fibres and destroy  
The sense of being!—why that infidel smile?  
Come, I will bribe thee to be merciful,  
And thou shalt have a tale of other times,  
For I am skill'd in legendary lore,  
So thou wilt let it live. There was a time  
Ere this, the freshest, sweetest flower that blooms,  
Bedeck'd the bowers of earth. Thou hast not heard

How first by miraele its fragrant leaves  
Spread to the sun their blushing loveliness.  
There dwelt at Bethlehem a Jewish maid;  
And Zillah was her name, so passing fair  
That all Judea spake the damsel's praise.  
He who had seen ner eyes' dark radianee,  
How quick it spake the soul, and what a soul  
Beam'd in its mild effulgence, woe was he!  
For not in solitude, for not in crowds,  
Might he esape remembrance, or avoid  
Her imaged form that followed every where,  
And fill'd the heart, and fix'd the absent eye.  
Woe was he, for her bosom own'd no love  
Save the strong ardours of religious zeal,  
For Zillah on her God had centred all  
Her spirit's deep affections. So for her  
Her tribes-men sigh'd in vain, yet revered  
The obdurate virtue that destroyed their hopes.

One man there was, a vain and wretched man,  
Who saw, desired, despair'd, and hated her.  
His sensual eye had gloated on her cheek  
Even till the flush of angry modesty  
Gave it new charms, and made him gloat the more.  
She loath'd the man, for Hamuel's eye was bold,  
And the strong workings of brute selfishness  
Had moulded his broad features; and she fear'd  
The bitterness of wounded vanity  
That with a fiendish hue would overcast  
His faint and lying smile. Nor vain her fear,

For Hamuel vowed revenge, and laid a plot  
Against her virgin fame. He spread abroad  
Whispers that travel fast, and ill reports  
That soon obtain belief; that Zillah's eye  
When in the temple heaven-ward it was rais'd  
Did swim with rapturous zeal, but there were those  
Who had beheld the enthusiast's melting glance  
With other feelings fill'd; that 'twas a task  
Of easy sort to play the saint by day  
Before the public eye, but that all eyes  
Were closed at night; that Zillah's life was foul,  
Yea, forfeit to the law.

Shame—shame to man,  
That he should trust so easily the tongue  
That stabs another's fame! the ill report  
Was heard, repeated, and believed,—and soon,  
For Hamuel by most damned artifice  
Produced such semblances of guilt, the Maid  
Was judged to shameful death.

Without the walls  
There was a barren field; a place abhorr'd,  
For it was there where wretched criminals  
Were done to die; and there they built the stake,  
And piled the fuel round, that should consume  
The accused Maid, abandon'd, as it seem'd,  
By God and man. The assembled Bethlemites  
Beheld the scene, and when they saw the Maid  
Bound to the stake, with what calm holiness  
She lifted up her patient looks to Heaven,  
They doubted of her guilt. With other thoughts

Stood Hamuel near the pile, him savage joy  
Led thitherward, but now within his heart  
Unwonted feelings stirr'd, and the first pangs  
Of wakening guilt, anticipating Hell.  
The eye of Zillah as it glanced around  
Fell on the murderer once, but not in wrath;  
And therefore like a dagger it had fallen,  
Had struck into his soul a cureless wound.  
Conscience! thou God within us! not in the hour  
Of triumph, dost thou spare the guilty wretch,  
Not in the hour of infamy and death,  
Forsake the virtuous! they draw near the stake—  
And lo! the torch! hold, hold your erring hands!  
Yet quench the rising flames!—they rise! they spread!  
They reach the suffering Maid! oh God protect  
The innocent one!

They rose, they sprcad, they raged—  
The breath of God went forth; the ascending fire  
Bencath its influence bent, and all its flames  
In one long lightning flash collecting fierce,  
Darted and blasted Hamuel—him alone.  
Hark—what a fearful scream the multitude  
Pour forth!—and yet more miracles! the stake  
Buds out, and spreads its light green leaves and bowers  
The innocent Maid, and roses bloom around,  
Now first beheld since Paradise was lost,  
And fill with Eden odours all the air.

SOUTHEY.

## THE DAISY.

NOT worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,  
Need we to prove a God is here ;  
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,  
Tells of his hand in lines as clear.

For who but He, who arched the skies,  
And pours the day-spring's living flood,  
Wondrous alike in all he tries,  
Could raise the daisy's purple bud--

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem ;  
Its border, nicely fringed, could spin ;  
And cut the gold-enamelled gem,  
That, set in silver, gleams within—

Then fling it, unrestrained and free,  
O'er hill and dale and desert sod,  
That man, where'er he walks, may see,  
In every step, the stamp of God !

DR. MASON GOOD (*Epping*).

---

THE DEATH OF FLOWERS.

How happily, how happily, the flowers die away !  
Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as they !  
Just live a life of sunshine, of innocence, and bloom,  
Then drop without decrepitude or pain into the tomb.

The gay and glorious creatures ! they neither " toil  
nor spin,"

Yet, lo ! what goodly raiment they're all apparelled in !  
No tears are on their beauty, but dewy gems more  
bright

Than ever brow of eastern queen endiademed in light.

The young rejoicing creatures ! their pleasures never  
pall,

Nor yield the less contentment, because so free to all ;  
The dew, the showers, the sunshine, the balmy blessed  
air,

Spend nothing of their freshness, tho' all may freely  
share.

The happy, careless creatures ! of time they take no  
heed,

Nor weary of his creeping, nor tremble at his speed,  
Nor sigh with sick impatience, and wish the light  
away,

Nor when 'tis gone, cry dolefully, " Would God that  
it were day !"

But when their lives are over, on holy Nature's breast,  
Unconscious of the penal doom, they drop away to  
rest ;

No pain have they in dying, no shrinking from decay,  
Oh ! could we but return to rest as easily as they !

MISS C. BOWLES.

## THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the  
year,  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows  
brown and sere.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the withered  
leaves lie dead ;

They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's  
tread.

The robin and the wren are flown, and from the  
shrubs the jay,

And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all  
the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that  
lately sprang and stood

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sister-  
hood ?

Alas ! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of  
flowers

Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good  
of ours.

The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold No-  
vember rain

Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, the lovely ones  
again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long  
ago,

And the briar-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow ;

But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,

And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,

Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,

And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come,

To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home ;

When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,

And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,

The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,

And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,

The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side :

In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest  
cast the leaf,

And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so  
brief :

Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young  
friend of ours,

So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the  
flowers.

BRYANT.

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### THE YELLOW VIOLET.

WHEN beechen buds begin to swell,  
And woods the blue-bird's warble know,  
The yellow violet's modest bell  
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,  
Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,  
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume  
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring  
First plant thee in the watery mould,  
And I have seen thee blossoming  
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent Sun, who bade thee view  
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,  
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,  
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form and low thy seat,  
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,  
Unapt the passing view to meet,  
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,  
Thy early smile has stayed my walk,  
But midst the gorgeous blooms of May,  
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they, who climb to wealth, forget  
The friends in darker fortunes tried.  
I copied them—but I regret  
That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour  
Awakes the painted tribes of light,  
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower  
That made the woods of April bright.

BRYANT.

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### TO A FLOWER.

THE blighting hand of winter  
Has laid thy glories low ;  
Oh, where is all thy beauty ?  
Where is thy freshness now ?

Summer has pass'd away,  
With every smiling scene,

And nature in decay  
Assumes a mournful mien.

How like adversity's rude blast  
Upon the helpless one,  
When hope's gay visions all have pass'd,  
And to oblivion gone.

Yet winter has some beauties left,  
Which cheer my heart forlorn ;  
Nature is not of charms bereft,  
Though shrouded by the storm.

I see the sparkling snow ;  
I view the mountain tops ;  
I mark the frozen lake below,  
Or the dark rugged rocks.

How truly grand the scene !  
The giant trees are bare,  
No fertile meadows intervene,  
No hillocks fresh and fair ;

But the cloud-capp'd mountains rise,  
Crown'd with purest whiteness,  
And mingle with the skies,  
That shine with azure brightness.

And solitude, that friend so dear  
To each reflecting mind,  
Her residence has chosen here,  
To soothe the heart refined.

M. DAVIDSON.

## ON A ROSE.

How short, sweet flower, have all thy beauties been,  
An hour they bloom'd, and now no more are seen :  
So human grandeur fades, so dies away ;  
Beauty and wealth remain but for a day.  
But virtue lives for ever in the mind,  
In her alone true happiness we find :  
The perfume stays, altho' the rose be dead ;  
So virtue lives, when every grace is fled.

MRS. HEMANS.

## THE LILY OF THE VALE.

SEE, bending to the gentle gale,  
The modest lily of the vale ;  
Hid in its leaf of tender green,  
Mark its soft and simple mien.  
Thus sometimes Merit blooms retir'd,  
By genius, taste, and fancy, fir'd ;  
And thus 'tis oft the wanderer's lot,  
To rove to Merit's peaceful cot,  
As I have found the lily sweet,  
That blossoms in this wild retreat.

MRS. HEMANS.

TO A BEAUTIFUL VINE AND A  
ROSE-BUSH.

THOU fair expanding mossy rose,  
Long may thy opening foliage twine  
With this luxuriant cluster'd vine,  
Which round thee wreathes its tender boughs.

Fair vine, long may thy leaves extend,  
While gentle showers refresh thy root;  
Long may thy graceful branches bend,  
Enrich'd with purpling luscious fruit.

Sweet rose, long may thy flow'rs receive  
The lucid tears of morn and eve;  
Long mayst thou in profusion spread,  
Thy straying buds of brightest red.

MRS. HEMANS.

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FLORA TO CLAUDE,

ON HIS PLUCKING A ROSE.

AH! you thoughtless, cruel boy,  
'Tis all your pleasure to destroy;  
Fairer was my blushing rose,  
Than any fragrant flower that blows;  
Already, lo! it droops and dies,  
And all its lovely crimson flies.

'Twas I who breath'd the sweet perfume,  
I shed the rich luxuriant bloom;  
And when the bud in embryo lay,  
I chased the nipping blight away.  
'Twas I the silken texture spun:  
Now my work is all undone;  
And now I mourn my fairest flower,  
The glory of my summer bower.

HEMANS.

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### BRING FLOWERS.

BRING Flowers, young Flowers, for the festal board,  
To wreath the cup ere the wine is poured;  
Bring Flowers!—they are springing in wood and vale,  
Their breath floats out in the southern gale,  
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the Rose,  
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring Flowers to strew in the conqueror's path—  
He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath!  
He comes with the spoil of nations back,  
The vine lies crushed in his chariot's track,  
The turf looks red where he won the day—  
Bring Flowers to die in the conqueror's way!

Bring Flowers to the captive's lonely cell,  
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell;  
Of the free blue streams and the glowing sky,  
And the bright world shut from his languid eye!

They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,  
And a dream of his youth—bring him Flowers, wild  
Flowers!

Bring Flowers, fresh Flowers, for the bride to wear!  
They were born to blush in her shining hair;  
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,  
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth,  
Her place is now by another's side—  
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride!

Bring Flowers, pale Flowers, on her bier to shed.  
A crown for the brow of the early dead;  
For this through its leaves hath the white Rose burst;  
For this in the woods was the violet nursed:  
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours;  
They are Love's last gift—bring ye Flowers—pale  
Flowers!

Bring Flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,  
They are Nature's offering, their place is *there*!  
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,  
With a voice of promise they come and part,  
They seep in dust through the wintry hours,  
They break forth in glory—bring Flowers, bright  
flowers.

MRS. HEMANS.

## THE ROSE.

## I.

As the Rose of the valley, when dripping with dew,  
Is the sweetest in odour, and brightest in hue;  
So the glance of dear woman most lovely appears,  
When it beams from her eloquent eye through her  
tears.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE ROSE.

## II.

THE Rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,  
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;  
The Rose is sweetest washed with morning dew  
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.

SCOTT.

## THE ROSE.

## III.

THE Rose, the sweetly-blooming Rose,  
Ere from the tree 'tis torn,  
Is like the charms which beauty shows,  
In life's exulting morn.

But, oh ! how soon its sweets are gone  
How soon it withering lies !  
So, when the eve of life comes on,  
Sweet beauty fades and dies.

Then since the fairest form that's made  
Soon withering we shall find,  
Let us possess what ne'er will fade—  
The beauties of the mind.

C. J. Fox.

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## THE ROSE.

### IV.

THE Rose had been washed, just washed in a shower  
Which Mary to Anna conveyed ;  
The plentiful moisture enumbered the flower,  
And weighed down its beautiful head.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet,  
And it seemed, to a faneiful view,  
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,  
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was  
For a nosegay, so dripping and drowned,  
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas !  
I snapped it—it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaimed, is the pitiless part  
Some act by the delicate mind,  
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart,  
Already to sorrow resigned.

This elegant Rose, had I shaken it less,  
Might have bloomed with its owner a while ;  
And the tear that is wiped with a little address,  
May be followed perhaps with a smile.

COWPER.

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THE ROSE.

## V.

How much of memory dwells amidst thy bloom,  
Rose! ever wearing beauty for thy dower!  
The bridal day—the festival—the tomb—  
Thou hast thy part in each,—thou stateliest flower!

Therefore with thy soft breath come floating by  
A thousand images of love and grief,  
Dreams filled with tokens of mortality,  
Deep thoughts of all things beautiful and brief.

Not such thy spells o'er those that hailed thee first  
In the clear light of Eden's golden day ;  
*There* thy rich leaves to crimson glory burst,  
Linked with no dim remembrance of decay.

Rose! for the banquet gathered, and the bier:

Rose! coloured now by human hope or pain;  
Surely where death is not—nor change nor fear,  
Yet may we meet thee, Joy's own flower, again!

MRS. HEMANS.

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## THE LILY.

### I.

"Consider the Lilies of the field how they grow."

MATT. vi. 28.

SWEET nursling of the vernal skies,  
Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew;  
What more than magic in you lies,  
To fill the heart's fond view?  
In childhood's sports, companions gay,  
In sorrow on life's downward way,  
How soothing! in our last decay,  
Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,  
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,  
As when ye crowned the sunshine hours.

Of happy wanderers there.  
Fallen all beside—the world of life  
How is it stained with fear and strife!  
In reason's world what storms are rife,  
With passion's rage and glare!

But changeful and unchanged the while  
Your first and perfect form ye show,  
The same that won Eve's matron smile  
In the world's opening glow.

The stars of heaven a course are taught  
Too high above our common thought ;—  
Ye may be found if ye are sought,  
And, as we gaze, we know.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,  
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,  
And guilty man, where'er he roams,  
Your innocent mirth may borrow.  
The birds of air before us flect,  
They cannot brook our shame to meet,—  
But we may taste your solace sweet,  
And come again to-morrow.

Ye fearless in your nests abide—  
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,  
Your silent lessons undescried  
By all but lowly eyes :  
For ye could draw the admiring gaze  
Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys :  
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,  
He taught us how to prize.

Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,  
As when he paused and owned you good ;  
His blessing on earth's primal bower,  
Ye feel it all renewed.

What care ye now, if winter's storm  
Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form?  
Christ's blessing at your heart is warm,  
Ye fear no vexing mood.

Alas! of thousand bosoms kind,  
That daily court you and caress,  
How few the happy secret find  
Of your calm loveliness!  
Live for to-day! to-morrow's light  
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight;  
Go, sleep like closing flowers at night,  
And Heaven thy morn shall bless.

KEBLE.

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## THE LILY.

### II.

Look on that flower—the daughter of the vale,  
The Medicean statue of the shade!  
Her limbs of modest beauty, aspect pale,  
Are but by her ambrosial breath betrayed.  
There, half in elegant relief displayed,  
She standeth to our gaze, half shrinking shuns;  
Folding her green scarf, like a bashful maid,  
Around, to screen her from her suitor suns;  
Not all her many sweets she lavisheth at once.

Looked in the twilight of depending boughs.  
 Where night and day commingle, she doth shoot  
 Where nightingales repeat their marriage vows;  
 First by retiring wins our curious foot,  
 Then charms us by her loveliness to suit  
 Our contemplation to her lonely lot;  
 Her gloom, leaf, blossom, fragrance, form dispute  
 Which shall attract most belgards to the spot,  
 And loveliest her array who fain would rest unsought.

Her gloom, the aisle of heavenly solitude;  
 Her flower, the vestal nun who there abideth;  
 Her breath, that of celestials meekly wooed  
 From heaven; her leaf the holy veil which hideth  
 Her form, the shrine where purity resideth;  
 Spring's darling, Nature's pride, the Sylvan's  
 queen—

To her, at eve, enamoured Zephyr glideth;  
 Trembling, she bids him waft aside her screen,  
 And to his kisses wakes—the Flora of the scene.

WIFFEN.

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## WILD FLOWERS.

### I.

YE Field Flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,  
 Yet wildings of nature, I doat upon you,  
 For ye waft me to summers of old,

When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,  
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,  
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams  
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,  
And of broken glades breathing their balm,  
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,  
And the deep, mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note  
Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune  
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June;  
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,  
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,  
When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,  
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now what affections the violet awakes;  
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,  
Can the wild water-lily restore:  
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,  
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks  
In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,  
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,  
Had scathed my existence's bloom;  
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,  
With visions of youth to revisit my age,  
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

CAMPBELL.

## WILD FLOWERS.

## II.

WILD flowers,  
I love right well,  
To visit where ye dwell,  
On mountain, valley, or in woody bowers,  
Whether coquetting with garish sun,  
Or weeping dewy tears 'neath evening's shadows dun.

By what name  
Botanic ye are known,  
I care not; you're the same—  
In glory garmented—each in your own;  
And God's benignant merey to his creatures  
Speaks out in all your fascinating features.

Since young years,  
My soul's full love ye share;  
And, treading where ye are,  
My heart grows bigger, and shakes off its tears;  
Sisters of beauty, earth's most radiant stars!  
Shining forth side by side, unconscious of man's jars.

In summer weather  
Close nestling cheek to cheek,  
So modest, and so meek,  
Like loving hearts partaking all together;  
The shade, in sunshine, in your common lot;  
You're all remembered, or you're all forgot.

Flowers! how shrink ye  
From man's o'erweening ways!  
He, moth-like, seeks the blaze;  
Ye dwell retired in secret modesty:  
Falsehood and change in him are e'er inherent—  
In you the child is ever like the parent.

The open sky  
Is quick with living lights,  
Yet less heart-deep delights  
It yields than those the greenwood can supply;  
How God can make a small flower of the field  
Perform its destined part, and pregnant blessings yield!

In hour of pride,  
Not victor's burst of joy  
Can match, without alloy,  
The raptures that with Nature's sons abide;  
These joys she gave me in a mood of love,  
And the world's bickering strife them never shall  
remove!

At early morn,  
When yet your lips are wet  
With kisses given you when the stars are met,  
Long ere the hunter's loud awakening-horn  
Hath roused the laggard to the work of death,  
What joy to suck the honied fragrance of your breath!

Serenely fair,  
Half-hidden by the grass,  
With virgin, bashful face,  
Blithe beauty dallying with your cheeks and hair,

Ye peep reluctant from beneath the weeds,  
Like Goodness blushing to make known her deeds.

Wild flowers !

I love right well

To visit where ye dwell,  
On Scotia's hills, or vales, or shady bowers !  
Your foreign sisters can small joy impart,  
But ye are rooted, grow, and blossom in my heart !

D. CHRISTIE.

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### THE DAISY:

#### I.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,  
With silver crest and golden eye,  
That welcomes every changing hour,  
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field  
In gay but quick succession shine,  
Race after race their honours yield,  
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to nature dear,  
While moons and stars their courses run,  
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,  
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,  
To sultry August spreads its charms,  
Lights pale October on his way,  
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath and golden broom,  
On moory mountains catch the gale,  
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,  
The violet in the vale :

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,  
Hides in the forests, haunts the glen,  
Plays on the margin of the rill,  
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round,  
It shares the sweet carnation's bed ;  
And blooms on consecrated ground,  
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,  
The wild bee murmurs on its breast,  
The blue fly bends its pensile stem  
Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page :—in every place,  
In every season fresh and fair,  
It opens with perennial grace,  
And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,  
Its humble buds unheeded rise ;  
The Rose has but a summer reign,  
The Daisy never dies.

MONTGOMERY.

## THE DAISY.

## II.

IN youth, from rock to rock I went,  
From hill to hill in discontent  
Of pleasure high and turbulent,  
    Most pleased when most uneasy ;  
But now my own delights I make,—  
My thirst at every rill can slake,  
And gladly Nature's love partake  
    Of thee, sweet Daisy !

When soothed a while by milder airs,  
Thee Winter in the garland wears  
That thinly shades his few grey hairs ;  
    Spring cannot shun thee ;  
Whole Summer fields are thine by right ;  
And Autumn, melancholy wight,  
Doth in thy crimson head delight  
    When rains are on thee.

Be violets in their secret mews,  
The flowers the wanton zephyrs choose ;  
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews  
    Her head impearling ;  
Thou livest with less ambitious aim,  
Yct hast not gone without thy fame ;  
Thou art indeed by many a claim  
    The poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,  
Or, some bright day of April sky,  
Imprisoned by hot sunshine lie,  
Near the green holly,  
And wearily at length should fare;  
He needs but look about, and there  
Thou art!—a friend at hand, to scare  
His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,  
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,  
Have I derived from thy sweet power  
Some apprehension;  
Some steady love, some brief delight;  
Some memory that had taken flight;  
Some chime of fancy wrong or right;  
Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,  
And one chance look to thee should turn,  
I drink out of an humbler urn  
A lowlier pleasure;  
The homely sympathy that heeds  
The common life, our nature breeds;  
A wisdom fitted to the needs  
Of hearts at leisure.

When smitten by the morning ray,  
I see thee rise alert and gay,  
Then, cheerful flower! my spirits play

With kindred gladness :  
And when, at dusk, by dews oppressed,  
Thou sinkest, the image of thy rest  
Hath often eased my pensive breast  
Of careful sadness.

Child of the year ! that round dost run  
Thy course, bold lover of the sun,  
And cheerful, when the day's begun,  
As morning leveret,  
\* Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain ;  
Dear shalt thou be to future men  
As in old time ;—thou, not in vain,  
Art Nature's favourite.

WORDSWORTH.

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### THE WREATH.

I sought the garden's gay parterre,  
To cull a wreath for Mary's hair ;  
And thought I surely here might find  
Some emblem of her lovely mind,  
Where taste displays the varied bloom  
Of Flora's beauteous drawing-room.  
And, first of peerless form and hue,  
The stately Lily caught my view,

\* See, in Chaucer and the elder poets, the honours formerly paid to this flower.

Fair bending from her graceful stem  
Like queen with regal diadem :  
But though I viewed her with delight,  
She seemed too much to woo the sight,—  
A fashionable belle—to shine  
In some more courtly wreath than mine.  
I turned and saw a tempting row  
Of flaunting Tulips full in blow—  
But left them with their gaudy dyes  
To Nature's beaux—the butterflies.  
Bewildered 'mid a thousand hues,  
Still harder grew the task to choose;  
Here, delicate Carnations bent  
Their heads in lovely languishment,—  
Much as a pensive Miss expresses,  
With neck declined, her soft distresses!  
The gay Jonquilles in foppish pride  
Stood by the Painted-Lady's side,  
And Hollyhocks superbly tall  
Beside the Crown-Imperial.  
But still 'midst all this gorgeous glow  
Seemed less of sweetness than of show;  
While close beside in warning grew  
The allegoric *Thyme* and *Rue*.  
There, too, stood that fair-weather flower  
Which, faithful still in sunshine hour,  
With fervent adoration turns  
Its breast where golden Phœbus burns—  
Bacchic symbol (which I scorned to lift)  
Of friends that change as fortunes shift!

Tired of the search, I bent my way  
Where Teviot's haunted waters stray ;  
And from the Wild-Flowers of the grove  
I framed a garland for my love :  
The slender circlet first to twine  
I plucked the rambling Eglantine,  
That decked the cliff in clusters free,  
As sportive and as sweet as she :  
I stole the Violet from the brook,  
Though hid like her in shady nook,  
And wove it with the Mountain-Thyme—  
The myrtle of our stormy clime :  
The Hare-bell looked like Mary's eye,  
The Blush Rose breathed her tender sigh,  
And Daisies, bathed in dew, exprest  
Her innocent and gentle breast.  
And now, my Mary's brow to braid,  
This chaplet in her bower is laid,  
A fragrant emblem fresh and wild  
Of simple Nature's sweetest child.

PRINGLE.

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### THE LILY.

How withered, perished seems the form  
Of yon obscure unsightly root !  
Yet from the blight of wintry storm,  
It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace,  
No beauty in the scaly folds,  
Nor see within the dark embrace  
What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,  
The lily wraps her silver vest,  
Till vernal suns and vernal gales  
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap  
The undelighting slighted thing;  
There in the cold earth buried deep,  
In silence let it wait the spring.

Oh! many a stormy night shall close  
In gloom upon the barren earth,  
While still, in undisturbed repose,  
Uninjured lies the future birth!

And Ignorance, with sceptic eye,  
Hope's patient smile shall wondering view;  
Or mock her fond credulity,  
As her soft tears the spot bedew.

Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear!  
The sun, the shower indeed shall come;  
The promised verdant shoot appear,  
And Nature bid her blossoms bloom.

And thou, O virgin Queen of Spring!  
Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed  
Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,  
Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed;

Unfold thy robes of purest white,  
Unsullied from their darksome grave,  
And thy soft petals' silvery light  
In the mild breeze unfettered wave.

So Faith shall seek the lowly dust  
Where humble Sorrow loves to lie,  
And bid her thus her hopes entrust,  
And watch with patient, cheerful eye;  
And bear the long, cold wintry night,  
And bear her own degraded doom,  
And wait till Heaven's reviving light,  
Eternal Spring! shall burst the gloom.

MRS. TIGHE.

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## FLOWERS.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,  
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,  
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,  
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,  
As astrologers and seers of old;  
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,  
Like the burning stars, which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,  
God hath written in those stars above;

But not less in the bright flowerets under us  
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,  
Written all over this great world of ours ;  
Making evident our own creation,  
In these stars of earth—these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,  
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part  
Of the self-same universal being,  
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,  
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,  
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,  
Buds that open only to decay ;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,  
Flaunting gaily in the golden light ;  
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,  
Tender wishes, blossoming at night !

These in flowers and men are more than seeming ;  
Workings are they of the self-same powers,  
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,  
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,  
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born ;  
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,  
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn ;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,  
And in Summer's green emblazoned field,  
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,  
In the centre of his brazen shield;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,  
On the mountain-top, and by the brink  
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,  
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,  
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,  
But on old cathedrals, high and hoary,  
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone.

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,  
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,  
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,  
Tell us of the ancient games of Flowers;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,  
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,  
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,  
How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection  
We behold their tender buds expand;  
Emblems of our own great resurrection,  
Emblems of the bright and better land.

LONGFELLOW.

## ORIGIN OF THE RED ROSE.

A LOVELY rose of sweet perfume,  
Grew by a rivulet's side,  
And bending o'er the silent stream,  
Its beauteous shadow spied.

The rose—'till then—was virgin white,  
Nought with it could compare;—  
With modest grace the flower now blushed  
To see itself so fair.

ANON.

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TO A LILY

FLOWERING BY MOONLIGHT.

OH! why, thou lily pale,  
Lovest thou to blossom in the wan moonlight,  
And shed thy rich perfume upon the night,  
When all thy sisterhood,  
In silken cowl and hood,  
Screen their soft faces from the sickly gale?  
Fair-horned Cynthia woos thy modest flower,  
And with her beaming lips  
Thy kisses cold she sips,  
For thou art aye her only paramour;  
What time she nightly quits her starry tower,

Tricked in celestial light,  
And silver crescent bright.  
Oh! ask thy vestal queen  
If she will thee advise,  
Where in the blessed skics  
That maiden may be scen,  
Who hung like thee her pale head through the day,  
Love-sick, and pining for the evening ray,  
And lived a virgin chaste, amid the folly  
Of this bad world, and died of melancholy.  
Oh! tell me where she dwells,  
So on thy mournful bells  
Shall Dian nightly fling  
Her tender sighs to give thee fresh perfume,  
Her pale night-lustre to enhance thy bloom,  
And find thee tears to feed thy sorrowing.

ANON.

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### THE WINTER ROSE.

THE soft blooms of Summer are faint to the eye  
Where brightly the gay silver Medway glides by;  
And rich are the colours which Autumn adorn,  
Its gold chequer'd leaves, and its billows of corn.  
But dearest to me is the pale lonely *Rose*,  
Whose blossoms in Winter's dark season uncloze,  
Which smile in the rigour of Winter's stern blast,  
And smooth the rough present by sighs of the past.

An thus, when around us affliction's dark power  
Eclipses the sunshine of life's flowing hour,  
While drooping, deserted, in sorrow we bend,  
Oh ! sweet is the presence of *one* faithful friend.

The crowds that smiled on us when gladness was ours,  
Are Summer's bright blossoms which Autumn de-  
-vours ;

But the friend on whose breast we in sorrow repose,  
That friend is the Winter's lone, beautiful Rose.

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### ON A VIOLET IN THE GARDEN OF A PALACE.

SWEET tenant of the hedgerow wild,  
Whose virgin sigh perfumes the air,  
Methinks thy beauty, pure and mild,  
Is lost amid yon gay parterre.

Oh ! while thy fragrance I inhale,  
Far other scenes before me rise ;  
Scenes loved and lost, in vision pale,  
They float before my humid eyes.

E'en now, by memory raised, I view  
The dewy mead, the shaded dell,  
Where erst, when life was fresh and new,  
My careless childhood loved to dwell.

Far o'er the sea, far o'er the sea,  
Where milder suns in summer smile,  
Exists the land so dear to me,  
Beloved England's verdant isle.

There first I knew thee, lowly flower,  
In copse remote, so wildly sweet;  
Nor dreamt in proud and foreign bower,  
Thy modest form I e'er should greet.

Yon rose, the garden's brilliant queen,  
The orange, clad in vest of gold,  
Carnation, rich in painted sheen,  
And gaudy tulip, gay and bold;

Not one for thee a friend or mate,  
Meek daughter of the lowly dale!  
O leave them to their lordly state,  
And think thee of thy parent vale.

When next thy modest charms I view,  
Be it among each early fere;  
The primrose pure, the harebell blue,  
And cowslip, still to fairies dear.

Far o'er the sea, far o'er the sea,  
Where milder suns in summer smile,  
There may I meet thee, wild and free,  
Once more within our native isle.

M. BAILLIE.

## THE ROSE AND STRAWBERRY.

YOUNG women ! don't be fond of killing,  
Too well I know your hearts unwilling  
To hide beneath the veil a charm—  
Too pleased a sparkling eye to roll,  
And with a neck to thrill the soul  
Of every swain with love's alarm.

Yet, yet, if prudence be not near,  
Its snow may melt into a tear.

The dimpled smile and pouting lip,  
Where little Cupids nectar sip,  
Are very pretty lures, I own :  
But, ah ! if Prudence be not nigh,  
Those lips, where all the Cupids lie,  
May give a passage to a groan.

A Rose, in all the pride of bloom,  
Flinging around her rich perfume,  
Her form to public notice pushing,  
Amidst the summer's golden glow,  
Peep'd on a Strawberry below,  
Beneath a leaf, in secret blushing.

" Miss Strawberry," exclaimed the Rose,  
" What's beauty, that no mortal knows ?  
What is a charm, if never seen ?

You really are a pretty creature :  
Then wherefore hide each blooming feature  
Come up, and show your modest mien."

"Miss Rose," the Strawberry replied,  
"I never did possess a pride  
That wish'd to dash the public eye :  
Indeed I own that I'm afraid—  
I think there's safety in the shade ;  
Ambition causes many a sigh."

"Go, simple child," the Rose rejoin'd,  
"See how I wanton in the wind :  
I feel no danger's dread alarms :  
And then observe the god of day,  
How amorous with his golden ray,  
To pay his visits to my charms !"

No sooner said, but with a scream  
She started from her favourite theme—  
A clown had on her fix'd his pat.  
In vain she screech'd—Hob did but smile :  
Rubb'd with her leaves his nose awhile,  
Then bluntly stuck her in his hat.

WOLCOT.

## THE FLOWER SPIRIT.

WHEN earth was in its golden prime,  
Ere grief or gloom had marred its hue,  
And Paradise, unknown to crime,  
Beneath the love of angels grew,  
Each flower was then a spirit's home,  
Each tree a living shrine of song;  
And oh! that ever hearts could roam,—  
Could quit for sin that seraph throng!

But there the spirit lingers yet,  
Though dimness o'er our visions fall,  
And flowers that seem with dew-drops wet,  
Weep angel-tears for human thrall;  
And sentiments and feelings move  
The soul, like oracles divine;  
And hearts that ever bowed to love,  
First found it by the flowers' sweet shrine.

A voiceless eloquence and power,  
Language that hath in life no sound,  
Still haunts, like Truth, the Spirit-flower,  
And hallows even Sorrow's ground.  
The wanderer gives it Memory's tear,  
Whilst Home seems pictured on its leaf;  
And hopes, and hearts, and voices dear,  
Come o'er him—beautiful as brief.

'Tis not the bloom, though wild or rare,  
It is the Spirit power within,  
Which melts and moves our souls, to share  
The Paradise we here might win.  
For heaven itself around us lies,  
Not far, not yet our reach beyond,  
And we are watched by angels' eyes,  
With hope and faith still fond!

I well believe a Spirit dwells  
Within the flower! least changed of all  
That of the passed Immortal tells—  
The glorious meeds before man's fall;  
Yet, still, though I should never see  
The mystic grace within it shine—  
Its essence is sublimity,  
Its feeling all divine.

C. SWAIN.

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### TO THE ROSE.

THE star of love on evening's brow hath smiled,  
Showering her golden influence with her beam;  
Hush'd is the ocean wave, and soft and mild  
The breathing zephyr; lull'd is every stream,  
Placid and gentle as a vestal's dream;

The bard of night, the angel of the spring.  
O'er the wild minstrels of the grove supreme,  
Near his betrothed flower expands his wing;  
Wake, lovely rose, awake, and hear thy poet sing!

The night is past; wake—queen of every flower!  
Breathing the soul of spring in thy perfume;  
The pearls of morning are thy wedding dower,  
Thy bridal garment is a robe of bloom!

Wake, lovely flower! for now the winter's gloom  
Hath wept itself in April showers away;

Wake, lovely flower; and bid thy smiles assume  
A kindred brightness with the rosy ray,  
That streaks the floating clouds with the young  
blush of day.

ANON.

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### THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

THAN vainer flowers though sweeter far,  
The evening primrose shuns the day;  
Blooms only to the western star,  
And loves its solitary ray.

In Eden's vale an aged hind,  
At the dim twilight's closing hour,  
On his time-smoothed staff reclined,  
With wonder view'd the opening flower.

“Ill-fated flower at eve to blow,”  
In pity’s simple thought he cries,  
“Thy bosom must not feel the glow  
Of splendid suns, or smiling skies.

“Nor thee, the vagrants of the field,  
The hamlet’s little train behold;  
Their eyes to sweet oppression yield,  
When thine the falling shades unfold.

“Nor thee the hasty shepherd heeds,  
When love has fill’d his heart with cares,  
For flowers he rifles all the meads,  
For waking flowers—but thine forbears.

“Ah! waste no more that beauteous bloom  
On night’s chill shade, that fragrant breath.  
Let smiling suns those glooms illumine!  
Fair flower, to live unseen is death.”

Soft as the voice of vernal gales,  
That o’er the bending meadow blow,  
Or streams that steal through even vales,  
And murmur that they move so slow:

Deep in her unfrequented bower,  
Sweet Philomela pour’d her strain;  
The bird of eve approved her flower,  
And answer’d thus the anxious swain:

“Live unseen!  
By moon-light shades in valleys green,  
Lovely flower, we’ll live unseen.

Of our pleasures deem not lightly ;  
Laughing day may look more sprightly,  
But I love the modest mien,  
Still I love the modest mien  
Of gentle evening fair, and her star-trained queen.

“ Didst thou, shepherd, never find  
Pleasure is of pensive kind ?  
Has thy cottage never known  
That she loves to live alone ?  
Dost thou not, at evening hour,  
Feel some soft and secret power,  
Gilding o'er thy yielding mind,  
Leave sweet serenity behind ;  
While, all disarm'd, the cares of day  
Steal through the falling gloom away ?  
Love to think thy lot was laid  
In this undistinguish'd shade.  
Far from the world's infectious view,  
Thy little virtues safely blew.  
Go, and in day's more dangerous hour  
Guard thy emblematic flower.”

LANGHORNE.

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### THE WITHERED FLOWER.

I've often seen the opening flower  
Hold up its little head,  
And looked again in one short hour,  
But then I found it dead.

They often fade before they're blown,  
Nor more secure am I;  
Some sudden stroke may cut me down,  
And I must likewise die.

O! then, may heaven be my concern;  
As I upon it look,  
A useful lesson may I learn  
From Nature's easy book.

ANON.

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### THE FLOWER GIRL.

FLOWERS, flowers, who will buy?  
Will buy my opening flowers?  
I have sought them low and high,  
In the summer bowers!

Here you have the dappled pink,  
Mixed with half shut roses,  
Honeysuckles which I link,  
With jasmines, in my posies.

Ladies, you should buy of me—  
The flowers in their twining;  
Have a moral that may be  
Worthy your divining.

See the bright carnation's dye,  
And learn of it your duty,

When its colours, as they fly,  
Show the worth of beauty!

Children, newly born of earth,  
Ye who should seem given,  
In your young unconscious worth,  
As promises from heaven!

Buy, oh buy my flowerets sweet,  
With your freshness vying,  
To your souls the moral meet,  
They contain, applying.

Life is pleasant, little one,  
But each fond desire,  
With its thorns, is overrun,  
Like the scented briar.

And sweet at eve the faded rose,  
With dew upon it sleeping,  
But sweeter far in death are those  
Whom virtue's self is weeping.

E. STEWART.

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### THE SNOWDROP.

Oh the pretty snowdrop,  
It grows down in the vale,  
Though still it whistles round us,  
Winter's biting gale:

Trembling on its slender stalk,  
The floweret is seen,  
Half hiding its pale blossom,  
'Mid its leaves of green.

Pretty little snowdrop,  
Earliest of flowers,  
Roses they are very fair,  
Grown in summer bowers :  
But the rose in glowing beauty  
Is not dear to me,  
Snowdrop, as thy blossoms white  
Have been, and will be.

Yet a lesson we may learn,  
Snowdrop of the vale !  
From thy leaflets trembling so  
In the winter gale ;  
Wherefore do we prize thee  
With thy blossoms wan ?  
Is't not that they come whispering,  
Winter time is gone !

A promise of a coming good,  
The treasures of the spring,  
To hearts that ache at winter's cold,  
Thy fragile flowerets bring.  
So in those the disregarded,  
The lowly ones of earth,  
Snowdrop, as in thee we find  
Whisperings of worth.

E. STEWART.

## FIELD FLOWERS.

FLOWERS of the field, how meet ye seem  
Man's frailty to pourtray ;  
Blooming so fair 'neath morning's beam,  
Passing at eve away ;  
Teach this, and oh ! though brief your reign,  
Sweet flowers, ye shall not live in vain.

Go, form a monitory wreath  
For youth's unthinking brow ;  
Go, and to busy manhood breathe  
What most he fears to know ;  
Go, strew the path where age doth tread,  
And tell him of the silent dead.

But whilst to thoughtless ones, and gay,  
Ye breathe these truths severe ;  
To those who droop 'neath pale decay  
Have ye no word of cheer ?  
Yes, yes, ye weave a double spell,  
And life and death betoken well.

Go then where, wrapt in fear and gloom,  
Fond hearts and true are sighing,  
And deck with emblematic bloom  
The pillow of the dying ;  
And softly speak, nor speak in vain,  
Of your long sleep and broken chain.

And say, that He who from the dust  
Recalls the slumbering flower,  
Will surely visit those who trust  
His mercy and his power ;  
Will mark where sleeps their peaceful clay,  
And roll ere long the stone away.

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### WILD FLOWERS.

BEAUTIFUL children of the woods and fields !  
That bloom by mountain streamlets 'mid the  
heather,  
Or into clusters, 'neath the hazels, gather,—  
Or where by hoary rocks you make your bields,  
And sweetly flourish on through summer weather,—  
I love ye all !

Beautiful flowers ! to me ye fresher seem  
From the Almighty hand that fashioned all,  
Than those that flourish by a garden-wall ;  
And I can image you, as in a dream,  
Fair modest maidens, nursed in hamlets small,—  
I love ye all !

Beautiful gems ! that on the brow of earth  
Are fixed, as in a queenly diadem ;  
Though lowly ye, and most without a name,  
Young hearts rejoice to see your buds come forth,  
As light erewhile into the world came,—  
I love ye all !

Beautiful things ye are, where'er ye grow !

The wild red rose—the speedwell's peeping eyes,—  
Our own bluebell—the daisy, that doth rise  
Wherever sunbeams fall or winds do blow  
And thousands more of blessed forms and dyes,—  
I love ye all !

Beautiful nurslings of the early dew !

Fanned, in your loveliness, by every breeze,  
And shaded o'er by green and arching trees ;  
I often wish that I were one of you,  
Dwelling afar upon the grassy leas,—  
I love ye all !

Beautiful watchers ! day and night ye wake !

The Evening Star grows dim and fades away,  
The Morning comes and goes, and then the day  
Within the arms of night its rest doth take ;  
But ye are wakeful wheresoe'er we stray,—  
I love ye all !

Beautiful objects of the wild-bee's love !

The wild-bird joys your opening bloom to see,  
And in your native woods and wilds to be ;  
All hearts, to Nature true, ye strangely move ;  
Ye are so passing fair, so passing free,—  
I love ye all !

Beautiful children of the glen and dell—

The dingle deep—the moorland stretching wide

And of the mossy fountain's sedgy side !  
Ye o'er my heart have thrown a lovesome spell ;  
And, though the Worldling, scorning, may deride,—  
I love ye all !

NICOLL.

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### THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have bade the earth bring forth  
Enough for great and small,  
The oak-tree, and the cedar-tree,  
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough  
For every want of ours,  
For luxury, medicine, and toil,  
And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain-mine  
Requireth none to grow,  
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower  
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,  
The nightly dews might fall,  
And the herb that keepeth life in man,  
Might yet have drank them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,  
All dyed with rainbow light,  
All fashioned with supremest grace,  
Upspringing day and night :—

Springing in valleys green and low,  
And on the mountains high,  
And in the silent wilderness,  
Where no man passeth by?

Our outward life requires them not,  
Then wherefore had they birth?—  
To minister delight to man,  
To beautify the earth;

To whisper hope—to comfort man  
Whene'er his faith is dim;  
For whoso careth for the flowers  
Will care much more for him.

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### LINES ON FLOWERS.

FLOWERS are the brightest things which earth  
On her broad bosom loves to cherish;  
Gay they appear as children's mirth,  
Like fading dreams of hope they perish.

In every clime, in every age,  
Mankind have felt their pleasing sway;  
And lays to them have deck'd the page  
Of moralist—and minstrel gay.

By them the lover tells his tale,  
They can his hopes, his fears express;  
The maid, when words or look would fail,  
Can thus a kind return confess.

They wreathe the harp at banquets tried,  
With them we crown the crested brave :  
They deck the maid—adorn the bride—  
Or form the chaplets for her grave.

PATERSON.

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### TO A WILD FLOWER.

In what delightful land,  
Sweet-scented flower, didst thou attain thy birth?  
Thou art no offspring of the common earth,  
By common breezes fann'd !

Full oft my gladden'd eye,  
In pleasant glade, or river's marge has traced  
(As if there planted by the hand of taste,)  
Sweet flowers of every dye.

But never did I see,  
In mead or mountain, or domestic bower,  
'Mong many a lovely and delicious flower,  
One half so fair as thee.

Thy beauty makes rejoice  
My inmost heart—I know not how 'tis so,—  
Quick-coming fancies thou dost make me know,  
For fragrance is thy voice.

And still it comes to me,  
In quiet night, and turmoil of the day,  
Like memory of friends gone far away,  
Or, haply, ceased to be.

Together we'll commune,  
As lovers do, when, standing all apart,  
No one o'erhears the whispers of their heart,  
Save the all-silent moon.

Thy thoughts I can divine,  
Although not uttered in vernacular words,  
Thou me remind'st of songs of forest birds;  
Of venerable wine;

Of earth's fresh shrubs and roots;  
Of Summer days, when men their thirsting slake  
In the cool fountain, or the cooler lake,  
While eating wood-grown fruits.

Thy leaves my memory tell  
Of sights, and scents, and sounds, that come again,  
Like ocean's murmurs, when the balmy strain  
Is echoed in its shell.

The meadows in their green,  
Smooth-running waters in the far-off ways,  
The deep-voiced forest where the hermit prays,  
In thy fair face are seen.

Thy home is in the wild,  
'Mong sylvan shades, near music-haunted springs,  
Where peace dwells all apart from earthly things,  
Like some secluded child.

The beauty of the sky,  
The music of the woods, the love that stirs  
Wherever Nature charms her worshippers,  
Are all by thee brought nigh.

I shall not soon forget  
What thou hast taught me in my solitude—  
My feelings have acquired a taste of good,  
Sweet flower! since first we met.

Thou bring'st unto the soul  
A blessing and a peace, inspiring thought;  
And dost the goodness and the power denote  
Of Him who formed the whole.

ANDERSON.

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### LINES.

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"Do not pluck the flowers, they are sacred to the dead."

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Oh! spare the flowers, the fair young flowers,  
The free glad gift the summer brings;  
Bright children of the sun and showers,  
Here do they rise, earth's offerings.  
Rich be the dew upon you shed,  
Green be the bough that o'er you waves,  
Weariless watchers by the dead,  
Unblenching dwellers 'midst the graves!

Oh! spare the flowers! their sweet perfume,  
Upon the wandering zephyr cast,  
And lingering o'er the lowly tomb,  
Is like the memory of the past.

They flourish freshly, though beneath  
Lie the dark dust and creeping worm.  
They speak of Hope, they speak of Faith;  
They smile, like rainbows thro' the storm.

Pluck not the flowers—the sacred flowers!  
Go where the garden's treasures spread,  
Where strange bright blossoms deck the bowers,  
And spicy trees their odours shed.  
*There* pluck, if thou delight'st, indeed,  
To shorten life so brief as theirs,  
But here the admonition heed—  
A blessing on the hand that spares!

Pluck not the flowers! In days gone by,  
A beautiful belief was felt,  
That fairy spirits of the sky  
Amidst the trembling blossoms dwelt.  
Perhaps the dead have many a guest,  
Holier than any that are ours;  
Perhaps their guardian angels rest  
Enshrined amidst the gentle flowers.

Hast thou no loved one lying low,  
No broken reed of earthly trust?  
Hast thou not felt the bitter woe  
With which we render dust to dust?  
Thou hast! and in one cherished spot,  
Unseen, unknown to earthly eyes,  
Within their heart, the unforgot  
Entombed in silent beauty lies.

Memory and Faith, and Love so deep,  
No earthly storm can reach it more—  
Affection that hath ceased to weep,  
These flourish in thy bosom's core.  
Spare then the flowers! With gentle tread  
Draw near, remembering what thou art,  
For blossoms sacred to the dead,  
Are ever springing in thy heart.

M. A. BROWNE.

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### THE LIFE OF FLOWERS.

I would, dear love! that I thy convert were  
To that strange lore.—The fair flowers dream and  
feel,  
And glad and woful, fond and scornful are;  
And mutely conscious how the unresting wheel  
Of Time revolveth, and doth hourly steal  
Their beauty, and the heart-companionship  
Of their nectareous kindred, that reveal  
Their souls to sunlight, and with fragrant lip  
Drink the abundant dews that from God's eyelids drip.

But then, I never dare another cull,  
To crush its being, and for ever end  
Its commune and its fellows beautiful:  
Ah! no, presence and absence never blend  
A consciousness about them; or to rend

Lover from lover, in their early wooing,

When even the rainbow their dew'd eyes transcend;  
For our adornment merely—oh! 'twere doing  
Sweet creatures bitter wrong, with our worst woes  
    ending.

At least, for conscience-sake, I'll not believe  
That they are sensible to hearted feeling;  
For in no creature's being would I weave

Those griefs which even now I am revealing  
In tears and sighs, from lips and eyelids stealing—  
Sad rain and wind of my heart's laden cloud!—

By which, if they do feel, with wounds unhealing  
Their parted spirits must be cleft and bow'd  
Till they grew pale and sere, and wore death's com-  
    mon shroud.

Then, to the lover's and the poet's warning  
Attend, as to a Delphic oracle:

When flowers into the grey eyes of the morning  
Peer in awaken'd beauty from Night's cell:

On the warm heart of Noontide when they dwell;  
Or close in loveliness at Twilight's feet—

They gave their thoughts and dreams; and thou  
    dost quell

A gentle spirit in each blossom sweet

(Which its love-conscious mates forever pine to greet—

And pine in vain!) which thy small hand doth sunder  
From its green birth-place!—Art thou of those  
    that sleep

In common thought, to whom there is no wonder  
In all the universe sublime and deep—  
Invisible and visible! There weep  
Dews of a morning round us, which must break—  
And unveil all things o'er which darkly sweep  
The night-shades of our ignorance. Awake!  
And in this creed believe—for love's, if not truth's  
sake.

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### TO A LOVER OF FLOWERS.

STILL, gentle lady, cherish flowers—  
True fairy friends are they,  
On whom, of all thy cloudless hours,  
Not one is thrown away;  
By them, unlike man's ruder race,  
No care conferr'd is spurn'd,  
But all thy fond and fostering grace  
A thousand-fold return'd.

The rose repays thee all thy smiles—  
The stainless lily rears  
Dew in the chalice of its wiles,  
As sparkling as thy tears.  
The glances of thy gladden'd eyes  
Not thanklessly are pour'd;  
In the blue violet's tender dyes  
Behold them all restored.

Yon bright carnation—once thy cheek  
Bent o'er it in the bud ;  
And back it gives thy blushes meek  
In one rejoicing flood !  
That balm has treasured all thy sighs,  
That snow-drop touch'd thy brow ;  
Thus not a charm of thine shall die,  
Thy painted people vow.

SIMMONS.

---

TO A WILD ROSE.

OH, floweret wild !

Drooping with many a glittering tear,  
The Summer's most beloved child,  
Thou'rt welcome here !

I speak not of thy shadowy bloom  
Which gleaming 'mid the leaves we see,  
Nor of thy soft and rich perfume,  
Sweet though it be :—

Thou hast a spell,

A charm far dearer to my heart,  
The power of days long past to tell,—  
Of hopes that would depart !

Yes ! gazing on thee now,

Those scenes beloved can memory draw,  
When simple childhood's hat of straw  
Shaded my careless brow :

And round it eluster'd many a wreath  
Of blossoms wild and sweet as thou,  
And lighter was the heart beneath  
Than it is now :—  
But pass we that,—no thought of grief  
Thy flowers unto my bosom bring,  
But hallowed is each fragrant leaf  
With dreams of hope and spring.  
Thou bring'st me back the time  
When I would pause from morn till even  
To hear the sweet bell's distant chime,  
Like melody from Heaven.  
I gaze,—thou art no more a flower,  
But some bright scene of early youth,  
The wild wood-side—a summer bower—  
All clear and pure as truth !

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## ELEGIAC.

THE flowers I strew upon thy grave  
Are wet with many a sorrowing tear—  
Alas ! they had not power to save  
Thy head from resting here !

Their fragrance here they sweetly shed,  
And seem their gentle heads to bow,  
And weep above the narrow bed  
Where low thou liest now.

I can but weep to see them bloom  
At morning still so freshly fair,  
At evening withering on thy tomb;  
Whilst I who placed them there

Can read thy emblem in their doom,—  
So pure—so loved—so early lost—  
Departing in life's brightest bloom  
Ere grief thy heart had crost !

I turn away with many a sigh,  
For here there breathes some holy spell :  
Too prized to live—too loved to die—  
How can I say farewell !

---

## STANZAS.

WHY, when the souls we loved are fled,  
Plant we their turf with flowers ;  
Their blossomed fragrance there to shed  
In sunshine and in showers ?  
Why bid, when these are passed away,  
The laurel flourish o'er their clay,  
In winter's blighting hours :  
To spread a leaf for ever green,  
Ray of the life that once hath been ?

It is—that we would thence create  
Bright memory of the past,  
And give their imaged forms a date,

Eternally to last :  
It is—to hallow, whilst regret  
Is busy with their actions yet,  
The sweetnesses they cast ;  
To sanctify upon the earth  
The glory of departed worth.

ANON.

---

### O SPARE MY FLOWER.

O SPARE my flower—my gentle flower,  
The slender creature of a day !  
Let it bloom out its little hour,  
And pass away.  
Too soon its fleeting charms must lie  
Decay'd, unnoticed, overthrown :  
O hasten not its destiny—  
Too like thy own.

The breeze will roam this way to-morrow,  
And sigh to find its play-mate gone ;  
The bee will come its sweets to borrow,  
And meet with none.  
O spare ! and let it still outspread  
Its beauties to the passing eye,  
And look up from its lowly bed  
Upon the sky.

O spare my flower ! thou know'st not what  
Thy undiscerning hand would tear —

A thousand charms thou notest not  
Lie treasured there.  
Not Solomon, in all his state,  
Was elad like Nature's simplest child ;  
Nor could the world combined create  
One floweret wild.

Spare; then, this humble monument  
Of an Almighty's power and skill ;  
And let it at His shrine present  
Its homage still.  
He made it who made nought in vain ;  
He watches it who watches thee ;  
And He can best its date ordain,  
Who bade it be.

M.

---

### THE ROSES ARE GONE.

THE Roses are gone, their empire is o'er,  
And many who saw them may see them no more ;  
Yet little it recks that we mourn their decay,  
For we are as fragile, as fleeting as they.

What came with the Roses ? Sweet hopes springing  
forth  
'Mid the sunbeams of heaven, the blossoms of earth,  
And the song of the birds, and the breath of the flowers  
Awakening a dream of life's sunniest hours.

What came with the Roses? Dear thoughts of delight,  
That feared not extinction, that dreamt not of blight;  
And the trust that had wither'd, the joy that was lost,  
Forth springing again, but again to be crost.

What came with the Roses? The promise of truth;  
And the love that haunts ever the spirit of youth,  
Ere the heart learns to school its wild throbs of delight,  
Ere the storms of the world pour their withering blight.

What went with the Roses? Hope chilled to despair,  
And all our bright visions like fabrics in air.  
We felt they were lovely; we knew they must go,  
Yet that doth not weaken one pulse of our woe.

What went with the Roses? The love of long years  
That kindled in sunshine, has withered in tears;  
And the joy that we deemed in a moment to clasp,  
Hath fled like a shade and eluded our grasp.

What went with the Roses? The bark o'er the sea,  
With its treasure of loved ones—the leaf from the tree,  
The earliest reft—in our pathway is shed,  
And the birds of the spring-time are silent or fled.

The breeze took the Roses, nor took them alone,  
There are fair ones and loved ones as suddenly gone,  
And the last of your leaves have been shed o'er the  
    bier,  
Where their scent cannot charm, their beauty not  
    cheer.

Alas ! it is thus, nought is permanent here ;  
Each joy brings its price, the fast following tear ;  
And the smile that is lighting our features to-day,  
Ere to-morrow may pass into darkness away.

Yet Roses may wither, and pleasures may fly,  
But somewhat there is, that can fade not, nor die ;  
And like a sweet perfume, that doth not depart,  
Are the feelings that change not, within the deep  
heart. M.

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## ROUSSEAU AND THE WILD FLOWER.

WHEN known to fame, but not to peace,  
Alone, unfriended, worn with care,  
Th' enthusiast bade his wanderings cease,  
And breath'd once more his native air,  
And hail'd again the tranquil scene  
Where once he roved with heart serene.

The plant that bloom'd along the shore,  
Where there in happier hours he strayed,  
Still flourish'd gaily as before,  
In all its azure charms array'd ;  
There still it shone in modest pride,  
While all his flowers of joy had died.

It seem'd to say, " Hadst thou, like me,  
Contented bloomed within the bed

That Nature's hand had form'd for thee,  
When first her dew's were on thee shed,  
Then had thy blossoms never known  
The blast that o'er their buds have blown."

It seem'd to say, "The loveliest flower,  
That keeps unmoved its native sphere,  
May brave the season's changeful power,  
And live through many a stormy year;  
For mercy guides the fiercest gale,  
And halcyon skies again prevail."

Happy are those alone who aim  
In duty's quiet path to shine,  
And, careless of the meed of fame,  
Unseen their fairest garlands twine;  
Whilst He, whose eye in secret sees,  
To them the Amaranth crown decrees.

---

## THE SNOWDROP.

### I.

THE *Snowdrop*, Winter's timid child,  
Awakes to life, bedew'd with tears,  
And flings around its fragrance mild;  
And where no rival flowerets bloom,  
Amidst the bare and chilling gloom,  
A beauteous gem appears!

All weak and wan, with head inclined,  
Its parent-breast the drifted snow,  
It trembles, while the ruthless wind  
Bends its slim form; the tempest lowers,  
Its emerald eye drops crystal showers  
On its cold bed below.

Poor flower! on thee the sunny beam  
No touch of genial warmth bestows,  
Except to thaw the icy stream  
Whose little current purls along,  
And whelms thee as it flows.

The night-breeze tears thy silky dress,  
Which deck'd with silvery lustre shone;  
The morn returns—not thee to bless—  
The gaudy Crocus flaunts its pride,  
And triumphs where its rival—died  
Unsheltered and unknown.

No sunny beam shall gild thy grave,  
No bird of pity thee deplore:  
There shall no verdant branches wave;  
For Spring shall all her gems unfold,  
And revel midst her beds of gold,  
When thou art seen no more.

Where'er I find thee, gentle flower,  
Thou still art sweet, and dear to me!  
For I have known the cheerless hour,

Have seen the sun-beams cold and pale,  
Have felt the chilling, wintry gale,  
And wept, and shrunk like thee!

MARY ROBINSON.

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## THE SNOWDROP.

### II.

A THOUSAND bright flowers shall gladden the Earth,  
When Summer comes forth in her beauty and mirth;  
Yet none more delightful imaginings bring,  
Than those that are *first* in our pathway to Spring.

Undaunted thou comest, 'mid snow and 'mid sleet,  
From Earth's sheltering bosom, thy winter retreat;  
Thou comest, the herald of pleasures to be,  
Of the scent of the rose-bud, the hum of the bee.

Thou art not of those who delight in the rays,  
The sunny resplendence of Summer's glad days;  
Nor of those who look up to the bright skies of June,  
Yet fold up their beauty beneath the mild moon.

Of such art not thou—no, an emblem more dear,  
Of the friend that is kindest when sorrow is near;  
The storm doth not crush thee—the rain doth not  
blight—

And thou pointest, like Hope, to a season more bright.

M.

## TO THE SNOWDROP.

## III.

BENEATH the changeful skies of early spring,  
Emblem of human life, and frail as fair,  
Pale visitant of earth,  
I mark thy modest bloom.

Herald of brighter scenes and calmer joys,  
When the sweet lark, enamoured of the dawn,  
Above the cottage roof  
Shall pour his melting lay;

Though surly Winter passing from the plain  
Reluctant with his storms (while, rude and wild,  
Stern desolation marks  
His long and lonely track),

Oft wraps thy beauty in a wreath of snow,  
And gems with icicles that faintly shine  
Below with imaged beam  
Thy cold but lovely brow;

I see thee smile like innocence at fate,  
Beneath his idle rage and parting storms,  
Secure of happier hours,  
And skies without a cloud

So Piety, upheld by faith and hope,  
Endures serene the passing storms of life,  
With eye intent on Heaven,  
And thought already there.

## POETICAL PORTRAIT.

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A violet by a mossy stone  
Half-hidden from the eye,  
Fair as a star when only one  
Is shining in the sky.—WORDSWORTH.

---

FLOWERS of the fairest,  
And gems of the rarest,  
find and I gather in country or town ;  
But one is still wanting,  
Oh ! where is it haunting ?  
The bud and the jewel must make up my crown.

The Rose with its bright heads,  
The diamond that light sheds  
Rich as the sunbeam and pure as the snow ;  
One gives me its fragrance,  
The other its radiance,  
But the pearl and the lily, where dwell they below ?

'Tis years since I knew thee,  
But yet should I view thee  
With the eye and the heart of my earliest youth ;  
And feel thy meek beauty  
Add impulse to duty,  
The love of the fancy to old ties of truth.

Thou pearl of the deep sea  
That flows in my heart free,  
Thou rock-planted lily, come hither or send;  
'Mid flowers of the fairest,  
And gems of the rarest,  
I miss thee, I seek thee, my own parted friend!

M. J. JEWSBURY.

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## TO THE VIOLET.

### I.

SWEET lowly plant! once more I bend  
To hail thy presence here,  
Like a beloved returning friend  
From absence doubly dear.

Wert thou for ever in our sight,  
Might we not love thee less?  
But *now* thou bringest new delight,—  
Thou *still* hast power to bless.

Still doth thine April presence bring  
Of April joys a dream;  
When life was in its sunny Spring—  
A fair unrippled stream.

And still thine exquisite perfume  
Is precious as of old;  
And still thy modest tender bloom  
It joys me to behold.

It joys and cheers, when'er I see  
Pain on Earth's meek ones press,  
To think the storm that rends the tree  
Scathes not thy lowliness.

And thus may human weakness find,  
E'en in thy lowly flower,  
An image cheering to the mind  
In many a trying hour.

M.

---

## THE VIOLET.

### II.

SWEET flower ! Spring's earliest loveliest gem !  
While other flowers are idly sleeping,  
Thou rearest thy purple diadem ;  
Meekly from thy seclusion peeping.

Thou, from thy little secret mound,  
Where diamond dew-drops shine above thee,  
Scatterest thy modest fragrance round ;  
And well may Nature's Poet love thee !

Thine is a short swift reign I know—  
But here thy spirit still pervading,  
New *Violet* tufts again shall blow,  
Then fade away as thou art fading,

And be renewed ; the hope how blest,  
O may that hope desert me never !  
Like thee to sleep on Nature's breast,  
And wake again, and bloom for ever.

BOWRING.

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## TO A PRIMROSE.

### I.

FLOWER ! thou art not the same to me  
That thou wert long ago ;  
The hue has faded from thy face,  
Or from my heart the glow,—  
The glow of young romantic thoughts,  
When all the world was new,  
And many a blossom round my path  
Its sweet fresh fragrance threw ;  
Thou art not what I thought thee then,  
Nor ever wilt thou be again.

It was a thing of wild delight,  
To find thee on the bank,  
Where all the day thy opening leaves  
The golden sunlight drank,—  
To see thee in the sister group  
That clustering grew together,  
And seem'd too delicate for aught  
Save Summer's brightest weather,

Or for the gaze of Leila's eyes—  
Thou happiest Primrose 'neath the skies!

I know not what it was that made  
My heart to love thee so;  
For, though all gentle things to me  
Were dear long, long ago,  
There was no bird upon the bough,  
No wild-flower on the lea,  
No twinkling star, no running brook,  
I loved so much as thee;  
I watch'd thy coming every Spring,  
And hail'd thee as a living thing.

And yet I look upon thee now  
Without one joyful thrill;  
The spirit of the past is dead,  
My heart is calm and still;  
A lovelier flower than even thou art  
Has faded from my sight,  
And the same chill that stole her bloom  
Brought unto me a blight,—  
'Tis fitting thou should'st sadder seem,  
Since Leila perish'd like a dream!

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## TO A FADED PRIMROSE.

This lovely gem of "the darling of the year," appears amongst us in April. Its Swedish name is Maj-nycklar, or the Key of May, the first month of the almost instantaneous summer of high latitudes.—"How abundant are the associations connected with even the least of the works of God."

## II.

WELL do I love to look on thee, thou sweet and  
simple flower,  
Thy beauty oft hath cheer'd my heart in sorrow's  
pensive hour;  
But now with moistened eye I mark thy glowing  
tints decay,  
And sigh to think that aught I love so soon should  
pass away.

Thou wert an early favourite—in boyhood's happy  
days  
I loved to haunt the spot where thou thy modest  
head did raise;  
And watch with passionate delight thy small leaves  
brightly bloom,  
Which breathed on every passing breeze their de-  
licate perfume.

In manhood's ripened years, sweet flower, thou art  
beloved still,  
And fondly sought for as of yore, by rivulet and rill—  
And often in my wanderings, by mead and flowery lea,  
Array'd in glittering dew-drops bright thy well-  
known form I see.

O! beautiful exceedingly is thy last lingering look,  
Which seems to bid a sad "farewell" to valley, hill,  
and brook;  
And did not shades of doubt and fear upon my spirit  
lie,  
Like thee, lone flower, I'd tranquilly breathe out my  
latest sigh. MACGILVRAY.

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### TO A PRIMROSE IN FEBRUARY.

"A type of gladness in a Sunshine, an image of consolation  
in a Storm."

#### III.

OH, fair young flower! thou art springing forth  
To the chilly breath of the angry north;  
And thy blossoms open their gentle eye  
Beneath the scowl of a wintry sky.

And leafless bowers, o'er thy tender form,  
Protect thee not from the passing storm;

And the bee comes not forth from its winter cell  
To quaff the dew from thy golden bell.

Too soon—too soon thou hast opened up  
The nectar stores in thy treasure-cup ;  
There are none to welcome thine early bloom,  
Or breathe the breath of thy rich perfume.

The hoar-frost lies on the ground like gems,  
The birds are mute on the naked stems,  
And thy pale and starlike blossoms gleam  
On the cheerless banks of a frozen stream.

But soon a change on the earth shall be,  
And leaf and blossom shall clothe the tree,  
And the wild-bird merrily blend its song  
With the streamlet's voice as it floats along.

And thou art sent with thy sunny smile  
To cheer this desolate scene awhile !  
And waft our visions and thoughts away,  
To the glorious light of a Summer day !

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## TO A PRIMROSE IN A CHURCHYARD.

### IV.

SWEET exile of the hills !  
What dost thou here ?  
Far from thy native rills  
And fountains clear !

Why is thy young perfume,  
Thy star-like bell,  
Beside the silent tomb  
Condemned to dwell ?

Oh ! surely thou dost love  
The tall tree's shade,—  
The thickly foliaged grove,—  
The dewy glade :—  
The bank whereon the bee  
At noon reposes,  
Amid the luxury  
Of Summer Roses !

And here no sheltering bower  
A curtain weaves  
To blend in beauty o'er  
Thy tender leaves ;  
No drooping Violet  
Expands in glee  
Its purple coronet  
To welcome thee !

Yet thou dost brightly bloom,  
When all around  
Breathes of sepulchral gloom  
And grief profound ;—  
Like to some sunny gleam  
In life's dark sky,  
Or a remembered dream  
Of bliss gone by !

## THE DAFFODIL.

This flower, more frequently mentioned by the older poets than perhaps any other native plant, blooms in rather moist woods and thickets in March—its growth being rapid, and duration short. It waves in rich profusion in marshy spots on the borders of some of the lakes of Westmoreland.

FAIR Daffodils, to see  
You haste away so soon ;  
As yet the early rising sun  
Has not attained his noon :  
    Stay, stay,  
    Until the hastening day  
    Has run  
    But to the even-song ;  
And having prayed together, we  
    Will go with you along.  
We have short time to stay, as you ;  
We have as short a spring,  
As quick a growth to meet decay,  
    As you, or any thing ;  
    We die,  
As your hours do ; and dry  
    Away  
    Like to the summer's rain,  
Or as the pearls of morning dew,  
    Ne'er to be found again.

HERRICK.

## THE COWSLIP.

Cowslips, so simple, yet so exquisitely finished, are plentiful in the meadows and pastures of England and other parts of Europe, though only upon a soil of clay or chalk. They are beautiful flowers, yellow and white.

Now, in my walk, with sweet surprise,  
I see the first spring Cowslip rise,  
The plant whose pensile flowers  
Bend to the earth their beauteous eyes,  
In sunshine as in showers.

Low on a mossy bank it grew,  
Where lichens purple, red, and blue,  
Among the verdure crept;  
Its yellow ringlets, dropping dew,  
The breezes lightly swept.

A bee had nestled on its bloom,  
He shook abroad their rich perfume,  
Then fled in airy rings;  
His place a butterfly assumes,  
Glancing his glorious wings.

Oh! welcome as a friend! I cried,  
A friend through many a season tried,  
And never sought in vain,  
When May, with Flora at her side,  
Is dancing on the plain.

Sheltered by Nature's graceful hand,  
In briery glens, o'er pasture land  
    The fairy tribes we meet,  
Gay in the milk-maid's path they stand,  
    They kiss her tripping feet.

From winter's farm-yard bondage freed,  
The cattle bounding o'er the mead,  
    Where green the herbage grows,  
Among thy fragrant blossoms feed,  
    Upon thy tufts repose.

Tossing his fore-lock o'er his mane,  
The foal, at rest upon the plain,  
    Sports with thy flexile stalk ;  
Yet stoops his little neck in vain  
    To crop it in his walk.

Where thick thy primrose blossoms play,  
Lovely and innocent as they,  
    O'er coppice lawns and dells,  
In bands the village children stray,  
    To pluck thy honied bells ;

Whose simple sweets with curious skill  
The frugal cottage dames distil,  
    Nor envy France the vine :  
While many a festal cup they fill  
    Of Britain's homely wine.

Perhaps from nature's earliest May,  
Imperishable 'midst decay,

Thy self-renewing race  
Have breathed their balmy lives away,  
In this neglected place.

And oh ! till nature's final doom  
Here unmolested may they bloom,  
From scythe and plough secure ;  
This bank their cradle and their tomb,  
While earth and skies endure !

J. MONTGOMERY.

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### HEART'S EASE.

I USED to love thee, simple flower  
To love thee dearly, when a boy ;  
For thou didst seem, in childhood's hour,  
The smiling type of childhood's joy.

But now thou only mock'st my grief  
By waking thoughts of pleasure fled ;  
Give me—give me the withered leaf,  
That falls on Autumn's bosom dead.

For that ne'er tells of what has been,  
But warns me what I soon shall be ;  
It looks not back on pleasure's scene,  
But points unto futurity.

I love thee not, thou simple flower,  
For thou art gay and I am lone :  
Thy beauty died with childhood's hour—  
The *Heart's-ease* from my path is gone.

## THE ROSE.

This precious flower, whose "Paradise of leaves" has been sung with all the attributes of surpassing loveliness by the poets of every country on which it is bestowed, has perhaps never been more beautifully described than by Bishop Jeremy Taylor, when he compares its charms and fleeting existence to the life of man.

Go, lovely Rose!  
Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
That now she knows,  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,  
And shuns to have her graces spied,  
That hadst thou sprung  
In deserts, where no men abide,  
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth  
Of beauty from the light retired;  
Bid her come forth,  
Suffer herself to be desired,  
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she  
The common fate of all things rare

May read in thee;  
How small a part of time they share,  
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

Yet, though thou fade,  
From thy dead leave let fragrance rise,  
And teach the Maid  
That Goodness Time's rude hand defies,  
That Virtue lives when Beauty dies.

- WALLER.

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## FLOWERS.

Oh! they look upward in every place,  
Through this beautiful world of ours,  
And dear as a smile on an old friend's face  
Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers!  
They tell us of wand'rings by woods and streams!  
They tell us of lanes and trees;  
But the children of showers and sunny beams  
Have lovelier tales than these—

The bright, bright flowers!

They tell of a season when men were not;  
When earth was by angels trod,  
And leaves and flowers in every spot  
Burst forth at the call of God.

When spirits singing their hymns at even',  
Wandered by wood and glade,  
And the Lord looked down from the highest heaven,  
And bless'd what he had made—

The bright, bright flowers!

That blessing remaineth upon them still,  
Though often the storm-cloud lowers,  
And frequent tempests may soil and chill  
The gayest of earth's flowers.

When Sin and Death, with their sister Grief,  
Made a home of the hearts of men,  
The blessing of God on each tender leaf  
Preserved in their beauty then

The bright, bright flowers!

The Lily is lovely as when it slept  
On the waters of Eden's lake,  
The Woodbine breathes sweetly as when it crept  
In Eden from brake to brake.  
They were left as proof of the loveliness  
Of Adam and Eve's first home:  
They are here as a type of the joys that bless  
The first in the world to come—

The bright, bright flowers!

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## THE WHITE GARDEN LILY.

The native *habitat* of this well-known and elegant plant had been long doubted, when it was discovered, in 1794, by Mr. Hawkins, growing wild in the classic vale of Tempe. It flowers early in summer, and has been cultivated in our gardens from time immemorial. Several of the Latin poets have added their testimony to the general admiration in which it has been held, and Pliny ranks it "next in nobility to the Rose."

Oh! why, thou Lily pale,  
Lovest thou to blossom in the wan moonlight,  
And shed thy rich perfume upon the night?  
When all thy sisterhood,  
In silken cowl and hood,  
Screen their soft faces from the sickly gale?  
Fair horned Cynthia woos thy modest flower,  
And with her beaming lips  
Thy kisses cold she sips,  
For thou art aye her only paramour;  
What time she nightly quits her starry bower,  
Tricked in celestial light  
And silver crescent bright,  
Oh! ask thy vestal queen,  
If she will thee advise,  
Where in the blessed skies  
That maiden may be seen,

Who hung like thee her pale head through the day,  
Love-sick and pining for the evening ray ;  
And lived a virgin chaste amid the folly  
Of this bad world, and died of melancholy ?  
Oh, tell me where she dwells !  
So on thy mantle bells  
Shall Dian nightly fling  
Her tender sighs to give thee fresh perfume,  
Her pale night lustre to enhance thy bloom,  
And find thee tears to feed thy sorrowing.

W. S. ROSCOE.

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### FORGET-ME-NOT.

WHERE flows the fountain silently,  
It blooms a lovely flower,  
Blue as the beauty of the sky,  
It speaks, like kind fidelity,  
Through fortune's sun and shower,  
Forget-me-not.

'Tis like thy starry eyes, more bright  
Than evening's proudest star ;  
Like purity's own halo light,  
It seems to smile upon thy sight,  
And says to thee from afar—  
Forget-me-not.

Each dew-drop on its morning leaves  
Is eloquent as tears

That whisper, when young Passion grieves  
For one beloved afar, and weaves  
His dream of hopes and fears—  
Forget-me-not.

---

There is a modest little flower,  
To friendship ever dear,  
Oh ! plant it on my humble bed,  
And strew it o'er my bier.

Let not the dull sepulchral Yew  
Its sombre branches wave,  
But let that little fragile flower  
Alone grow on my grave.

No sculptured marble e'er shall show  
My long and lowly home,  
That little modest, humble flower  
Shall mark my silent tomb.

Then shall my grave by this be known,  
A little smiling spot,  
A mound thick-covered with the flower  
That says, "Forget-me-not."

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### THE WOODRUFF.

AMID a thousand brighter flowers,  
We scarcely note thy tender bloom,  
When Summer's heat, and Spring-time's showers,  
Have called thee from thy winter tomb.

But should we find thee withered, reft  
Even of the humble charms thou hast,  
We feel a fragrant sweetness left—  
A sweetness that no ills can blast.

Thus modest worth remains unknown,  
While fairer beauty's flattered name  
On every zephyr's breath is blown.  
A candidate for human fame.

Let sorrow come—mere beauty now  
Has lost its adventitious power :  
While chill'd, or bruised, or broken, thou  
Art fragrant in that trying hour. M.

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## SONNET.

From "Thoughts during Sickness."

WELCOME, O pure and lovely forms, again  
Unto the shadowy stillness of my room !  
For not alone ye bring a joyous train  
Of Summer-thoughts attendant on your bloom—  
Visions of freshness, of rich bowery gloom,  
Of the low murmurs filling mossy dells,  
Of stars that look down on your folded bells ;

Through dewy leaves, of many a wild perfume  
Greeting the wanderer of the hill and grove  
Like sudden music; more than this ye bring—  
Far more; ye whisper of the all-fostering love  
Which thus hath clothed you, and whose dove-like  
wing  
Broods o'er the sufferer drawing fevered breath,  
Whether the couch be that of life or death.

MRS. HEMANS.

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### THE LAST AUTUMN FLOWER.

THE last autumn flower  
Is withered and dead,  
And has bowed to the tempest  
Its beautiful head;  
Its leaves are all faded,  
Its loveliness flown,  
In the place where it flourished  
No more is it known.

It awakened to life  
In the glory of Spring,  
When earth's beauties were rife,  
And the bee on the wing;  
And it smiled in the sunbeam,  
And danced in the breeze,  
When summer shone brightly  
On flowers and trees.

It lingered to share in  
The sun's latest ray,  
When the rest of its sisters  
Had faded away;  
But when cold tempests gathered,  
And wintry winds blew,  
It shrank from the trial,  
And fell away too.

And thus, often a friend,  
Spring and summer have known,  
Will live through one Autumn,  
When many have flown;  
But when hope has departed,  
And sorrow's cloud lour,  
Fades away from our side,  
Like the last Autumn Flower.

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### THE DAISY.

HAIL! gentle daisy, how I love  
To see thy little head,  
Meekly adorning field or grove,  
Or garden flower-bed!—  
Or by the mansion, or the cot,  
Or by the purling stream,  
I love to see thee, gentle flow'r,  
With white and golden gleam.

Whether upon the mountain's brow,  
Or in the valley deep,  
Whether upon the wall you grow,  
Or on the craggy steep,  
There dost thou blossom all the same,  
Free as the morning air,  
Oh how I love to look on thee,  
All smiling meek as fair!

And thou art on the dewy green,  
The sweet Spring-time to cheer;  
Thou bloom'st upon each changing scene,  
Throughout the changing year;  
Smiling alike on morn and eve—  
In simple robings dress'd,  
I fondly love thee, gentle flow'r,  
With white and golden crest.

---

### TO THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

FAIR Flower, that shunn'st the glare of day,  
Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold,  
To evening's hues of sober grey  
Thy cup of paly gold;—

Be thine the offering owing long  
To thee, and to this pensive hour,  
Of one brief tributary song,  
Though transient as thy flower.

I love to watch at silent eve  
Thy scatter'd blossoms' lonely light,  
And have my inmost heart receive  
The influence of that sight.

I love at such an hour to mark  
Their beauty greet the night-breeze chill,  
And shine, 'mid shadows gathering dark,  
The garden's glory still.

For such 'tis sweet to thine the while,  
When cares and griefs the breast invade,  
To friendship's animating smile  
In sorrow's dark'ning shade.

Thus it bursts forth, like that pale cup  
Glist'ning amid its dewy tears,  
And bears the sinking spirit up  
Amid its chilling fears.

But still more animating far,  
If meek Religion's eye may trace,  
Even in thy glimm'ring earth-born star,  
The holier hope of Grace.

The hope—that as thy beauteous bloom  
Expands to glad the close of day,  
So through the shadows of the tomb  
May break forth Mercy's ray.

TWINE THE ROSE AND THE LILY  
TOGETHER.

I CULLED for the maid of my bosom a rose ;  
'Twas an emblem of beauty and love ;  
For its bloom all her blushes seemed to diselose,  
And the dew-drops were shed from above.

But soon the sad floweret drooped in decay,  
A victim to rude winds and weather ;  
While love cheers the heart in youth's happy day,  
Twine the rose and the lily together.

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## THE VIOLET.

THE violet in her greenwood bower,  
Where birchen bough with hazels mingle,  
May boast itself the fairest flower  
In glen, or copse, or forest-dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue  
Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining,  
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,  
More sweet through watery lustre shining.

The summer sun the dew shall dry,  
Ere yet the day be past its morrow ;  
No longer in my false love's eye  
Remain'd the tear of parting sorrow.

## THE ROSE.

PLACE this flower in thy bosom, my dear,  
'Tis the earliest rose of the year;  
What better an emblem can be  
Of beauty, of love, and of thee?

Ah, that blush and that glance seem to say  
Thorns encircle this young bud of May;  
Fear them not, the care still shall be mine  
To keep thorns from that bosom of thine.

---

## THE WALL-FLOWER.

THE wall-flower—the wall-flower,  
How beautiful it blooms,  
It gleams above the ruined tower,  
Like sunlight over tombs;  
It sheds a halo of repose  
Around the wrecks of Time;  
To beauty give the flaunting rose,  
The wall-flower is sublime.

Flower of the solitary place!  
Gray Ruin's golden crown!  
That lendest melancholy grace  
To haunts of old renown;

Thou mantlest o'er the battlement  
By strife or storm decayed :  
And fillest up each envious rent  
Time's canker-tooth hath made.

Thy roots outspread the ramparts o'er,  
Where, in war's stormy day,  
The Douglasses stood forth of yore,  
In battle's grim array :  
The clangour of the field is fled,  
The beacon on the hill  
No more through midnight blazes red—  
But thou art blooming still !

Whither hath fled the choral band  
That filled the abbey's nave ?  
Yon dark sepulchral yew-trees stand  
O'er many a level grave ;  
In the belfry's crevices the dove  
Her young brood nurseth well,  
Whilst thou, lone flower, dost shed above  
A sweet decaying smell.

In the season of the tulip-cup,  
When blossoms elothe the trees,  
How sweet to throw the lattice up,  
And seent thee on the breeze !  
The butterfly is then abroad,  
The bee is on the wing,  
And on the hawthorn by the road  
The linnets sit and sing.

Sweet wall-flower, sweet wall-flower !

Thou conjurest up to me  
Full many a soft and sunny hour  
Of boyhood's thoughtless glee,  
When joy from out the daisies grew,  
In woodland pastures green,  
And summer skies were far more blue  
Than since they e'er have been.

Now Autumn's pensive voice is heard

Amid the yellow bowers,  
The robin is the regal bird,  
And thou the Queen of Flowers !  
He sings on the laburnum trees,  
Amid the twilight dim,  
And Araby ne'er gave the breeze  
Such scents as thou to him.

Rich is the pink, the lily gay,

The rose is summer's guest ;  
Bland are thy charms when these decay,  
Of flowers, first, last, and best !  
There may be gaudier on the bower,  
And statelier on the tree,  
But, wall-flower, loved wall-flower,  
Thou art the flower for me !

---

## COWSLIPS.

Oh ! fragrant dwellers of the lea,  
When first the wild wood rings  
With each sound of vernal minstrelsy,  
When fresh the green grass springs !

What can the blessed spring restore  
More gladdening than your charms ?  
Bringing the memory once more  
Of lovely fields and farms !

Of thickets, breezes, birds, and flowers ;  
Of life's unfolding prime ;  
Of thoughts as cloudless as the hours ;  
Of souls without a crime.

Oh ! blessed, blessed do ye seem,  
For, even now, I turned,  
With soul athirst for wood and stream,  
From streets that glared and burned.

From the hot town, where mortal care  
His crowded fold doth pen ;  
Where stagnates the polluted air  
In many a sultry den.

And are ye here ? and are ye here ?  
Drinking the dew-like wine,  
Midst living gales and waters clear,  
And heaven's unstinted shine.

I care not that your little life  
Will quickly have run through,  
And the sward with summer children rife  
Keep not a trace of you.

For again, again, on dewy plain,  
I trust to see you rise,  
When spring renews the wild wood strain,  
And bluer gleam the skies.

Again, again, when many springs  
Upon my grave shall shine,  
Here shall you speak of vanished things,  
To living hearts of mine.

---

## THE SNOWDROP.

### I.

THERE is a flower, a fragile flower,  
The first-born of the early spring,  
That sheds its sweets, and blooms its hour  
Ere summer spreads its azure wing.

Upon the earth's pure breast of snow  
The infant blossoms slowly bend,  
Pale as the maiden's cheek of woe  
Bereft of every earthly friend.

I hail thy coming, gentle flower,  
Not simply that thou com'st alone;  
Thou'rt welcome to me as the hour  
That shines as those of youth have shone.

Fair herald of the blooming year,  
Life's messenger without its stain,  
The promised time of flowers is near,  
And earth shall soon be green again.

'Tis thine to tell of joyous spring,  
When earth unlocks its fragrant stores,  
And gentle winds are breathed to bring  
The wandering birds from distant shores.

Over the world's deep solitude  
A bright and gladdening smile is cast,  
And if a thought of gloom intrude,  
'Tis of the winter that is past.

ANON.

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## THE SNOWDROP.

### II.

THE snowdrop! 'tis an English flower,  
And grows beneath our garden trees,  
For every heart it has a dower,  
And old and dear remembrances;  
All look upon it, and straightway  
Recall their youth of yesterday—

Their sunny years when forth they went  
Wandering in measureless content;  
Their little plot of garden ground;  
The mossy orchard's quiet bound;  
Their father's house so free from care,  
And the familiar faces there !

The household voices kind and sweet,  
That knew no feigning—hushed and gone !  
The mother that was sure to greet  
Their coming with a welcome tone;  
The brothers that were children then,  
Now, anxious, toiling, thoughtful men;  
And the kind sister whose glad mirth  
Was like a sunshine on the earth,—  
These come back to the soul supine,  
Flower of the Spring, at look of thine.  
And thou among the dimmed and gone  
Art an unaltered thing alone

Unchanged—unchanged ! the very flower  
That grew in Eden droopingly—  
And now beside the peasant's door  
Awakes his little children's glee,  
E'en as it filled his heart with joy,  
Beside his mother's door, a boy !  
The same—and to his heart it brings  
The freshness of those vanished springs !  
Bloom then, fair flower, in sun and shade,  
For deep thought in thy cup is laid ;

And careless children in their glee  
A sacred memory make of thee.

---

### THE EARLY SNOWDROP.

EMERGING from its wintry tomb,  
See the spotless Snowdrop peep,—  
Burst the ice-bound earth, and bloom,  
While more tender flowerets sleep.

Pledge of the genial coming year,  
Amid the gloom of winter gay,  
Smiling through the morning tear,—  
The tribute tear of early day.

Death awaits thy faultless form,—  
Less beauteous flowers safe may blossom;  
Thus I snatch thee from the storm,  
To grace my lovely Anna's bosom.

---

### TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire!  
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,  
Was nursed in whirling storms,  
And cradled in the winds.

Thee when young Spring first question'd Winter's sway  
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,  
Thee on this bank he threw  
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,  
Serene thou openest to the nipping gale,  
Unnoticed and alone,  
Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms  
Of chill adversity, in some lone walk  
Of life she rears her head,  
Obscure and unobserved :

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,  
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,  
And hardens her to bear  
Serene the ills of life.

KIRKE WHITE.

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### THE ROSE.

As late each flower that sweetest blows  
I pluck'd, the Garden's pride!  
Within the petals of a Rose  
A sleeping love I spied.

Around his brows a beamy wreath  
Of many a luecent hue;  
All purple glow'd his cheek beneath,  
Inebriate with dew.

I softly seized th' unguarded Power,  
Nor scar'd his balmy rest ;  
And plac'd him, caged within the flower,  
On spotless Sara's breast.

But when unweeting of the guile  
Awoke the pris'ner sweet,  
He struggled to escape awhile,  
And stamp'd his fairy feet.

Al! soon the soul entrancing-sight  
Subdued th' impatient boy !  
He gaz'd ! he thrill'd with deep delight !  
Then clapp'd his wings for joy.

And oh ! he cried—"Of magic kind  
What charm this Throne endear !  
Some other Love let Venus find,  
I'll fix *my* empire here."

COLERIDGE.

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### THE SNOWDROP.

THOU living pearl, that to the snow  
Droop'st sweetly thy untainted bell,  
Doth not thy lovely aspect show,  
Doth not thy speckless blossoms tell  
Far more than mortal hand can trace  
Of virgin chastity and grace ?

When all around is chill and drear,  
And many a cloud obscures the sky,  
Thy form peeps forth, to glad and cheer  
The lingering heart and anxious eye—  
Gives token of the bud and bloom,  
That with more sunny hours will come.

So *Hope* should cheer us when we feel  
The evils of life's wintry day;  
And throw her buds around and steal,  
In blossoms, o'er our dreary way;  
And yield a charm more bright than gold,  
When all is sad and all is cold.

So Faith within the Christian's breast  
Doth meekly live and blossom still,  
Though all around may be deprest,  
And many a frost may strive to kill:  
Nor fails in darksome days to bring  
Tokens of an eternal spring.

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## THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a reaper, whose name is Death,  
And, with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have nought that is fair?" saith he;  
"Have nought but the bearded grain?  
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,  
I will give them all baek again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves;  
It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"  
The Reaper said, and smiled;  
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my eare,  
And saints, upon their garments white,  
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
The flowers she most did love;  
She knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above.

O, not in eruelty, not in wrath  
The Reaper came that day;  
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away.

LONGFELLOW.

## TO THE SNOWDROP.

THOU first-born of the year's delight,  
Pride of the dewy glade,  
In vernal green and virgin white  
Thy vestal robes array'd ;

'Tis not because thy drooping form  
Sinks graceful on its nest,  
When chilly shades from gathering storm  
Affright thy tender breast ;

Nor from yon river's islet wild,  
Beneath the willow spray,  
Where like the ringlets of a child  
Thou wear'st thy circle gay ;

'Tis not for these I love thee dear,—  
Thy shy averted smiles,  
To fancy bode a joyous year,  
One of life's fairy isles.

They twinkle to the wintry noon,  
And cheer th' ungenial day,  
And tell us all will glisten soon  
As green and bright as they.

Is there a heart, that loves the spring,  
Their witness can refuse ?  
Yet mortals doubt, when angels bring  
From heaven their Easter news.

When holy maids and matrons speak  
Of Christ's forsaken bed,  
And voices, that forbid to seek  
The living 'mid the dead.

And when they say, "Turn, wandering heart,  
The Lord is ris'n indeed,  
Let pleasure go, put care apart,  
And to his presence speed ;"

We smile in scorn ; and yet we know  
They early sought the tomb ;  
Their hearts that now so freshly glow,  
Lost in desponding gloom.

They who have sought, nor hope to find,  
Wear not so bright a glance ;  
They who have won their earthly mind  
Less rev'rently advance.

But where in gentler spirits, fear  
And joy so duly meet,  
These sure have seen the angels near,  
And kissed the Saviour's feet.

Nor let the pastor's thankful eye  
Their flattering tale disdain,  
As on their lowly couch they lie,  
Pris'ners of want and pain.

O guide us, when our faithless hearts  
From Thee would start aloof,  
Where patience her sweet skill imparts,  
Beneath some cottage roof ;

Revive our dying fires, to burn  
High as her anthems soar,  
And of our scholars let us learn  
Our own forgotten lore.

KEEBLE.

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## BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

### I.

BUTTERCUPS and Daisies—

Oh, the pretty flowers !  
Coming in the spring-time,  
To tell of sunny hours.

While the trees are leafless,  
While the fields are bare,  
Buttercups and Daisies  
Spring up here and there.

Ere the snow-drop peepeth,  
Ere the crocus bold,  
Ere the early primrose  
Opes its paly gold,  
Somewhere on a sunny bank  
Buttercups are bright ;  
Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass  
Peeps the Daisy white.

Little hardy flowers,  
Like to children poor  
Playing in their sturdy health  
By their mother's door ;  
Purple with the north wind,  
Yet alert and bold ;  
Fearing not and earing not,  
Though they be a-cold.

What to to them is weather ?  
What are stormy showers ?  
Buttereups and Daisies  
Are these human flowers ?  
He who gave them hardship,  
And a life of care,  
Gave them likewise hardy strength,  
And patient hearts, to bear.

Wecome, yellow Buttereups,  
Wecome, Daisies white,  
Ye are in my spirit,  
Visioned a delight !  
Coming ere the spring-time,  
Of sunny hours to tell—  
Speaking to our hearts of Him,  
Who doeth *all things well*.

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## DAISIES.

## II.

SWEET wilding tufts, that 'mid the waste  
Your lowly buds expand :  
Though by no sheltering walls embraced,  
Nor trained by beauty's hand ;

The primal flowers which grace your stems  
Bright as the dahlias shine,  
Found thus like unexpected gems,  
To lonely hearts like mine.

'Tis a quaint thought, and yet, perchance,  
Sweet blossoms, ye are sprung  
From flowers that over Eden once  
Their pristine fragrance flung ;

They drank the dews of Paradise,  
Beneath the starlight clear ;  
Or caught from Eve's dejected eyes  
Her first repentant tear.

---

## THE WITHERED DAISY.

THIS little flower, at morning hour,  
Bloom'd sweetly on its parent stem ;

But ere the day had died away,  
I saw no more the beauteous gem :  
Yet it had promis'd fair to view,  
For 'midst the storms its beauties grew ;  
It was the earliest flower of spring,  
The first of all its blossoming.  
But now untimely nipt it lies,  
Its every promise lost for ever ;  
And all the dew-drops from the skies  
May fall—but can revive it never.  
Thus have I seen a flower as fair,  
A doating parent's only joy,  
Bud forth when storms were beating there,  
And wither in a milder sky.  
She withered—but unlike the flower,  
Which hears no more the voice of spring,  
And never decks again the bower  
Which saw its early blossoming.  
For when on earth she fades and dies,  
She blooms afresh in paradise :  
A bud transplanted from our soil,  
To live, beside those living streams,  
Which ever and for ever smile  
Beneath those uncreated beams—  
Whose blessed light and ceaseless ray  
Make heaven's eternal summers day.

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## THE GARLAND.

THE pride of ev'ry grove I chose,  
The violet sweet, and lily fair,  
The dappl'd pink, and blushing rose,  
To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place  
Upon her brow the various wreath ;  
The flow'rs less blooming than her face,  
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flow'rs she wore along the day :  
And ev'ry nymph and shepherd said,  
That in her hair they look'd more gay,  
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undress'd at evening, when she found  
Their odours lost, their colours past ;  
She chang'd her look, and on the ground  
Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,  
As any Muse's tongue could speak ;  
When from it's lid a pearly tear  
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,  
My love, my life, said I, explain  
This change of humour : pry'thee tell :  
That falling tear——What does it mean ?

She sigh'd; she smil'd: and to the flow'rs  
Pointing, the lovely moralist said:  
See! friend, in some few fleeting hours,  
See yonder, what a change is made.

Ah me! the blooming pride of May,  
And that of beauty, are but one:  
At morn both flourish bright and gay,  
Both fade at evening; pale, and gone.

At dawn poor Stella dane'd and sung;  
'The am'rous youth around her bow'd:  
At night her fatal knell was rung;  
I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

Such as she is, who dy'd to day;  
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow:  
Go, Damon, bid thy muse display  
The justice of thy Cloc's sorrow.

PRIOR.

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### THE ROSE-BUD.

At dawn, upon its slender stem,  
An op'ning rose-bud bloom'd,  
And deck'd with many a gem  
The passing breeze perfum'd.  
I sought it at the noontide hour,  
Its gentle head reelin'd,  
And 'neath the sun's meridian power  
I saw it fast declin'd.

## THE VIOLET.

IN a lone vale, remote from view,  
A simple, humble violet grew—  
A lowly, unpretending flower,  
With no rare beauty for its dower.  
Full often had the wintry storm  
Bow'd down its unprotected form;  
And the bright sun almost forgot  
To shine upon that lonely spot;  
While eold unbending pride pass'd by  
With scornful and averted eye,  
Deeming as far beneath her eare  
The humble flow'ret growing there.  
But still sweet hope would linger near,  
And strive with all her power to cheer  
This peor sad offspring of the glade.  
And not in vain her task—her smile  
Would oft its weariness beguile,  
Foretelling brighter hours to come  
Within that lonely Violet's home.  
And did a brighter hour arise?  
Oh, yes! for friendship's beaming eyes  
One day beheld this simple flower  
Alone within her humble bower,  
And deeming (though of lowly birth)  
It might possess some little worth,  
Glided beside its quiet bed,  
And softly rais'd its drooping head,

While in her peace-inspiring voice  
She bade the violet rejoice.  
"Cease, pensive flower, to shroud in gloom  
Thy little share of scent and bloom,  
With roses though thou canst not vie  
To even fond admiration's eye.  
And though thou may'st not hope to share  
The honours of the gay parterre,  
Where am'rous Phœbus loves to woo  
Each floweret of brilliant hue,  
Yet not in vain thy bloom shall be,  
While friendship lives to cherish thee!"

MARY BURROWS.

THE END.





